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ROSES.

BY SUSIE M. BEST.

When for me Life's story closes,
I'd like to be buried deep in roses:
I think, tho' dead, perhaps I'd feel
Around my heart their sweetness steal.

When sunlight deepens into night,
And thro' the sky dart meteors bright;
When in the churchyard lone I rest,
I want my roses on my breast.

Their beauty sure will light the gloom
And break the loneliness of the tomb.
So mind, ye friends, when I am dead,
To scatter roses o'er my head.

With Blinded Eyes.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A PIECE OF PATCHWORK," "SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER," "A MIDSUMMER FOLLY," "WEDDED HANDS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

"OH, Mr. Saville!" observed Mrs. Wyoming with perfect outward equanimity. "Have you shown him into the front drawing-room?"—to the servant. "Very well—I will come directly."

"Who is it, mamma?" asked Pattie, recovering her composure at the sight of her mother's ease of manner.

"Mr. Saville, my dear. No, I daresay you don't know him—he was a friend of your dear father's, and I have only heard from him at intervals for many years. He has come, I expect, about a small matter of business that was left in his hands."

As she finished speaking she put the card into her daughter's hand, with a warning look at her. It was necessary that Pattie should know who the visitor really was, or she would very likely peep in at the door, or make an excuse to fetch something out of the room, for she had her full share of feminine curiosity.

Mrs. Wyoming thought she could count upon her daughter's having sense enough to pass the card quietly on to Rowena, in order to warn her also of the need of caution, and so say nothing to Charley.

She went out by the door leading into the hall, fearing the new trouble more than the one that had arisen just before, or she would not have left Leicester with Pattie then; but she could only console herself with the thought that Rowena would do what she could.

She was not afraid to look to Rowena for help to keep their secret, since the discovery of it would be of no advantage to her.

Pattie looked at the card her mother had put into her hand; after standing for a few moments, with a blank frightened face, she burst into tears.

"Oh, Rowena!" she exclaimed piteously.

Leicester, who had remained absorbed in his own reflections, looked up at her as she uttered this exclamation of distress, though he seemed quite unmoved by it.

"I want to know," he said, in a harsh suspicious tone, altogether new to him, and which seemed to paralyse Pattie with a fresh terror, "who was speaking in that room when I went by. I have recalled what was being said by that voice which I took to be yours; if I had done that before I should not have made the mistake. The voice was speaking of you and of some dress you once wore. I could repeat what it said, word for word, now. I well remember the comparison made between yourself and Kate Greenway's pictures—your mother told me of it at the time."

This was what Mrs. Wyoming had feared. Now that he had had time to think, all this had recurred to his memory, and every word that had been uttered was forming a link in a chain of evidence against them.

"Whose was it?" he asked harshly.

There was no answer but Pattie's frightened sobbing.

He stepped across the room to the two girls as they clung together, and stood in front of them almost threateningly.

"Mrs. Wyoming was there," he said, his eyes now fixed on Rowena's changing face, "for she came out and answered me. You were there, I know, for I saw you as I passed the door. Was any one else there?"

There was another terrible pause. Rowena was dumb before the accusing glance of those eyes, the impotence of which they had so shamefully used for their own ends.

The silence was broken at last—not by an equivocation from Rowena or Pattie, not from further stern questioning from Leicester's suddenly compressed lips, but by a new sound—Dolph Carbutt's excited voice, which reached them in a passionate shout through the folding-doors and the curtains.

Pattie burst into a fresh fit of crying as she heard it, utterly forgetting the need of caution in Leicester's presence.

"Oh, Rowena, what shall I do?" she cried. "He is coming—he will make me go with him!"

She clung to her cousin convulsively. Leicester looked on, a new expression curling his lip.

"Pattie," he said, after a brief pause, "what have you to do with Dolph Carbutt? Of course I recognize his voice in the next room as well as you do."

"Oh, send him away—do send him away!" she sobbed.

"What is he to you?" persisted Leicester, holding her by the arm, his manner now strongly marked with contempt.

"Oh, leave her alone!" implored Rowena, finding speech at last. "Don't frighten her—do you mean to kill her with fright? She has had a great deal to bear—and I won't have her tormented!" her voice rising from entreaty to determination.

Both girls, in their anxiety to sustain their parts before Leicester in this crisis, had overlooked the deception which they were to have kept up concerning Dolph Carbutt.

Pattie was weeping with terror, and prayed to be delivered from him; and Rowena, who ought to have displayed some agitation at the return of her faithless lover, was bent only upon comforting and upholding her cousin.

Now, in her care for Pattie, and her intention of protecting her at all costs, Rowena's voice again betrayed her; it rang out as it had done in the bedroom up-stairs—louder now, and vibrating with fear or anger, but it was not to be mistaken.

Leicester released Pattie's arm and turned to Rowena, with a long look which she met as if fascinated.

"You!" he murmured at last, with an indescribable inflection of tone, and one which it was difficult to interpret.

Before she could attempt any reply there was a repetition of the loud talking in the adjoining room, which, after the first outbreak, had ceased until now; the next moment the folding-doors were burst open, and Dolph Carbutt appeared, in a state of intense excitement.

"I heard you!" he exclaimed, in a triumphant tone, to Pattie, whose sobs gave place to a scream when she saw him.

"Your mother has been telling me that you were married yesterday, and had gone to Scotland on your wedding-tour, but the sound of your voice told me better than that! I've been watching this house for the last three weeks, like a cat watches a mouse, and now I shall have my reward in telling my story and claiming my bride!"

But Pattie, trembling with fear, ran out of the room by the door into the hall. Dolph followed her, and Mrs. Wyoming, who had been behind him, vainly trying to prevent his entrance, now darted back through the folding-doors to get into the hall the other way, and so intercept his pursuit of Pattie.

Leicester and Rowena, who had looked on the strange interruption with the kind of wonder which does not entail an active interest in the cause of it, thus left alone, now turned again to each other, ignoring all else.

"I don't understand this," he said, after another prolonged interval of silent gazing, during which Rowena's heart seemed to stop beating. "But there has been some trick played—I know that now. The Pattie that promised, the same day that the bandage was taken from my eyes, to marry me next Monday, is not the Pattie I know when I was blind! I have felt the difference, and have been puzzled, but I never suspected any trickery until I heard that voice again."

"Yet you did not hear or feel the differences when the change was first made," she ventured to say, knowing that all attempts at deception would be useless now.

He looked at her intently again, his face flushed and paling with mingled emotions.

"It was you," he gasped at last—"it was you!"

"Oh, forgive us!" she cried, and fell at his feet.

She was so astonished and so deeply ashamed to feel him raising her from the floor, guilty creature that she was, deserving only to be pushed out into the street, and not, instead, to be borne to the sofa and held in the strong and tender embrace to which she was so well used—which she had missed so terribly.

"Oh, don't—don't!" she exclaimed, in a tone of keen humiliation. "Don't touch me—I am not worthy! Only don't take us before a court of justice—don't do that, for Pattie's sake, whom you have always loved!"

"I have not!" he cried passionately, holding her closer to him. "I have not always loved Pattie—if by Pattie you mean the girl that ran away just now, with the lover whom she had denied after her! I have loved the Pattie who cared for the blind man—who spent all her time at his side, and used her wealth of intellect on his behalf—who—I thought then—loved him too!"

His voice sank to a whisper, and Rowena, violently excited by all that had occurred, was now unable to dissemble.

"Oh, I did—I did!" she replied passionately, but in a vacant way, as though she was relating the fact to some one else. "I did it for pity at first, but afterwards for love. It was my punishment!"

"And now it shall be your reward!" he whispered in her ear, accompanying the words with kisses such as she had never thought to feel upon her face again. "Whatever you have done, and for whatever reason, do you think I can fail to love as long as you have not deceived me about that one thing—your return of my love? Oh, Rowena, what you have been to me in this past last year! I have not been half so happy since I could see!"

But she would not receive or listen to any of his caresses or protestations, and, as soon as she was able, she diverted his attention by an explanation which would have to be made to him some time, and which served her purpose well now.

She felt so wicked, so utterly unworthy, that his declarations of love were painful to her. Her path, she had resolved, was to be the stony upward one of contrition and humiliation—and he would fain exalt her for what she had done!

However, she looked at him less as a tempter from the way of rectitude when she found how he sympathized with her struggles, and doubts during the long course of deception, and now grave and even angry he looked as she told the story.

She could not understand his renewing his protestations of love for her after hearing that—she thought she had quite destroyed his affection, and shut herself out in the cold and misery where she ought to be.

"I would not persist," he said—"but you have confessed you love me. And as to your not being worthy, let me be the judge of that, since your intentions, at any rate, were never unworthy. Do not shrink from me, my own, on that account. Would you punish me too? Cannot you understand that I do not love you because you have deceived me, but because my nature responds to the call of yours—because we are fitted for each other, and were meant to love one another? If we had met, I seeing you from the first, just as you are—don't trouble to hide that sweet face of yours; it is the most beautiful in the world to me!—I must have loved you soon, had we been thrown much together, just as I really did. Whether I had been engaged to Pattie or to any one else, my heart must secretly have gone out to you. My life was completed when you came into it!"

What could she do but listen to such pleas as these, which argued that the punishment of the innocent victim of their treachery must necessarily be included in hers?

"You can repent just as well with me as without me," he went on. "For, mark, my loving you was not a consequence of the conditions under which you approached me, but a necessary result of your approaching me at all. It would have happened all the same. Your aunt, confident in her daughter's beauty, would have taken no precautions, and we should have fallen hopelessly in love within a week; and then think how miserable I should have been"—plaintively—"as miserable as I should be now, if you were not going to have pity on me for the second time."

It was of no use talking to him, and her conscience would not allow her to yield, so she said that she ought to go and see what had become of her aunt and cousin.

There had been a short excited conversation in the hall, and after that there had been hurried movements on the floor above, which Rowena had been dimly conscious of, though no idea of their cause had occurred to her already overwrought mind, and the sounds had ceased without her noticing the silence.

Now, when she went up-stairs, after Leicester had extracted a solemn promise from her to come back to him, and not to go out by the back-door, and leave him in the lurch, she found the rooms deserted, drawers pulled open and left, and general disorder reigning. Full of apprehension, she was going down again to look in the front drawing room, when she caught sight of a note on the table, addressed to herself.

"Then they have gone!" she thought at once, and stood where she was and read the missive. It was her aunt's hand, evidently written in great haste.

"We are obliged to go with Dolph, or he will expose us to others beside Charley, who has nearly found it out for himself without help. Dolph has just come into a thousand pounds, and on the strength of this insists upon Pattie marrying him immediately, as the only condition of his keeping silence. I have pretended to consent; but of course I shall allow no such thing, as that amount will soon be gone, and he has not the brains to make any more. We are going with him to Reading, where the man lived who left him the money. He thinks of being quietly married there, but we shall give him the slip on the way, and get across to some seaport. I don't know which we shall be able to manage yet, but will telegraph. Have the rest of our things packed ready to send on immediately, as we shall be in haste to get out of England. Your friends at Lyngate will take you in, I know.

"ANNIE WYOMING."

There was not a word about Leicester, no expression of compunction at leaving her to bear the brunt of his wrath, which might have been no light thing. Mrs. Wyoming evidently had no fear of her niece disclosing their whereabouts to him, should he be inclined for pursuit.

She could not imagine the turn events had taken, and yet she was left without any scruples at the mercy of a man who had just discovered the wrongs he had suffered at their hands.

Rowena went down stairs with the note crushed in her hand, trying not to think hard thoughts, and told Leicester the news. He took the letter from her and read it himself.

"Never mind!" he said, as he dropped it upon the fire. "You are in better hands now, no thanks to her."

"But what is to be done?" she asked. "I must go to Lyngate now, there is nowhere else for me to go; but those things that she talks about—I can't take them all with me, nor can I leave them here."

"Oh, you must stay on here for a time," returned Leicester, with decision, "and I will go next door—they let lodgings next door! It isn't worth worth while for you to go to Lyngate just till Monday, and by then you will have heard from your aunt, no doubt."

"Monday—what about Monday?" questioned Rowena, puzzled.

"My wedding day," returned Leicester, with a calm smile—"and yours!"

"Oh, no," she cried, and released herself from his clasp in such haste that he began to laugh.

"We couldn't disappoint George, you know!" he said. "He is coming to-morrow night, ready for the wedding—and there must be one, if only on his account!"

"Oh, don't!" she exclaimed. "How can you want such a wicked girl to marry you? If ever I did—if ever I could—it must be after years of repentance——"

She turned away to hide her tears. It was very seldom that Rowena cried, and when she did it was because her heart was full to overflowing.

Leicester followed her.

"There you are again," he said, still in a jesting tone—but his eyes were glistening—"trying to punish me for what you have done! What have I done that I should be cheated of my wife, Rowena? Why should I be made to wait for years?"

"It would be best for you so," she rejoined, endeavoring to put away his caressing hand. "You—you would soon be sorry, when you compared me with other girls, and saw how—how——"

"How much more noble-minded my wife was than the usual run," he interposed "No, I don't think I should at all object to that, Rowena."

It was of no use; he would not hear a word of her self-disparagement, any more than he would hear of his wedding being put off.

In the end he went up stairs to put his things together ready for removal to the next house, while she took the landlady into confidence, as far as was necessary for her purpose.

She was a kind and honest woman, already prepossessed in favor of the young lady who had always spoken pleasantly to her, and besides saved her and her servants as many journeys up and down the stairs as she could; and when she heard that Mrs. Wyoming and her daughter had been obliged to leave very suddenly, on account of family affairs, but that the marriage was to take place as intended, she threw aside all her doubts and gladly consented to stand Rowena's friend in her aunt's absence.

Mrs. Wyoming telegraphed the next day from Folkestone, and her luggage was duly forwarded.

The letter of acknowledgement Rowena received from her aunt contained news instead.

She was alone at Folkestone. She had meant to outwit Dolph Carbutt, but, for once he had outwitted her.

At Castle Hill station Pattie had complained of thirst, and Dolph had suggested a cup of tea, saying that it would do her good to walk with him to the refreshment room, and that she would get it hotter there than if it were brought to her.

Mrs. Wyoming, suspecting nothing, let her daughter go, and the train started before they reappeared.

She still thought it a mischance, and got out at the next station to await the down train following, but in vain—they were not on it. On questioning the guard, he inquired her name, and then handed her a note, which he had engaged to give to a lady of the name of Wyoming, who would probably make inquiries concerning the senders of it, a young lady and gentleman.

It contained news that their non-arrival had already prepared for her. Dolph had persuaded Pattie to go off alone with him, he appearing not to have trusted Mrs. Wyoming's sudden suavity after her former harsh treatment of him.

He had made arrangements with a view to this sudden move. They would be married in London as soon as possible, and would sail for America two hours afterwards.

Pattie begged forgiveness for her disobedience. Dolph had told her that Dollie would do such dreadful things when he found out, that she thought she had better get as far away as she could.

She thought she had better do anything rather than be in prison for many years, as Dolph said she would be. She would have liked her mother to come too, but Dolph said the money was not enough for all three, and that Charley would not be so hard on her.

"He has taken advantage of her credulity, and worked on her fears in the most shameful manner," Mrs. Wyoming wrote—"in fact I would not have believed he had the brains to do it. So when I found it was of no use to pursue them, I came on here, and shall have crossed over to Boulogne by the time you get this.

"Pattie will not have much choice of wardrobe, for she has only her bag with her, which she took for her little trinkets, in case of accident; but she deserves to lose her things after behaving like that."

"Not a word about her own deserts?" suggested Charley, who was having the letter read out to him during a stroll in the park.

And that was the only remark Rowena ever heard him make about the whole affair. She honored him inexpressibly for thus abstaining from invective against his two deceivers, who had not the excuse of good intentions, for speaking only of what he persisted in calling the advantage he had gained thereby, and saying nothing of the selfishness and cruelty they showed towards him when he was blind and helpless.

"I suppose you are off to Lyngate now you have got rid of my things," Mrs. Wyoming wrote. "I hope this may catch you before you leave, but if not I suppose you will have left directions to have your letters sent on. I will write again when I get safely over—addressing to the Rectory—and let you know where a letter will reach me. Then you can tell me how poor Charley bore it all. He will no doubt be heart-broken about Pattie, but he must blame only her and Dolph for this. No doubt he will soon be ready to forgive her anything."

The heartless letter caused Rowena great anxiety for the future welfare of her unhappy cousin, who had been led away not by love, but by pressing fears.

But Leicester, thinking that his beloved's life had already been sufficiently overshadowed by her aunt and cousin, was determined not to allow her to be saddened by the troubles which they had brought upon themselves.

And he succeeded wonderfully well in his endeavors, his assurance that Pattie should never be in actual want as long as he had anything to give going a long way towards that consummation—though at the same time, Rowena said that it was indeed a shame for him to be put to further expense through those who had already cost him so much.

His cousin from Nottingham joined him at his lodgings next door on the Saturday night, and Leicester made such explanations as he pleased in private, and George was introduced to Rowena the next day on the way to morning service at the church were they were to be married.

In the evening they took supper together, the landlady playing hostess on the occasion, much to her own satisfaction.

Noon on Monday found them no longer two, but one—one in soul and heart and purpose.

* * * * * *

Leicester and his wife live at Ealee now. When they came home from their honeymoon in the Isle of Wight they proceeded there just to have a look at the place which tender associations had rendered dear to both of them; and finding River View empty again, they took it, and a year afterwards purchased it from the owner.

It was a somewhat sad event which induced them finally to settle there—the return of Charley's blindness, which this time proved incurable. But he saw the face of his first-born before the light of day faded out for him, and, even in the freshness of his new disappointment, he declared that he would rather be blind with Rowena than see without her. And, feeling and knowing that he was no burden to her, but the very centre of her life, he took heart of grace for the future, since it was to be spent with her.

They seized the first opportunity that occurred of securing River View, as being the place in which he was more at home than any other since his blindness came on, and which renewed custom had by that time rendered perfectly familiar. And now Rowena had made him content even to be blind.

They have helped Pattie and her husband several times since they returned to England with twin girls, and hardly a shilling to call their own. They have three more children now, and they would all be very pretty and docile if their parents understood the management of their health and tempers.

Rowena is always willing to help to fill the little mouths and clothe the little limbs, but that is only natural, she says, in their own relative, who is herself a mother.

What she considers so noble in her husband is that he is just as willing as she, and has gone without things that she knew he wished for, in order that the Christmas gift to the poor thriftless creatures in London might be sent as usual.

Mrs. Wyoming lives with her daughter and family now. She has lost part of her money in foreign lotteries while abroad, and, returning to England soon after the Carbutts, consented to share the remainder with them. They could not afford to refuse, but her presence in their home does not add to their happiness.

The Lyngate Rectory people are frequent visitors at River View. Errol is not married yet, but neither is he heart-broken though certainly a little embittered by his painful experiences. He and George Leicester have become great friends, and Rowena, who does not by any means despair of him, and who adores pretty girls—since she certainly has no reason to be jealous of them—generally manages to have one or two staying at her house when he is expected, and it is quite probable that one day he will console himself.

As for Rowena herself, her life is full with her husband and children and the needs of those without her gates to care for; but she has not yet ceased to repent, though she does it with a cheerful face.

And it matters not now whether she is Rowena or Pattie, since husband and children alike hail her by the blessed name of mother.

[THE END.]

A Terrible Fall.

BY W. Y.

THERE was always a pleasant fuss at No. 3, Verbena Villas, when Mr. Clemens, junior partner in a large London firm, took one of his bi-annual journeys to the North of England to purchase woolen goods from the manufacturers.

Mrs. Clemens, a gentle little woman, in weak health, hung about her husband troubled with unspoken forebodings that "something" would happen to prevent their meeting again; the boys—there were four of them, merry noisy urchins—danced clamoring to be remembered, and rehearsing the various treasures, in the shape of knives, cricket-bats, etc., papa must promise to bring back with him; while their elder and only sister, Tina——

But where was Tina?—her father's pet and darling; her mother's prudent, practical helper; a power in the household, though not yet out of her teens.

Where was Tina? Mr. Clemens asked, and an outcry was raised that penetrated to every nook and corner of the dwelling, and brought from her chamber the young lady in question.

She came running downstairs flushed and contrite, and in answer to her mother's question, explained that she had been copying music for her friend, Janet Corbaux.

At the sound of that name Mrs. Clemens looked grave; and Mr. Clemens—good-natured, indulgent Mr. Clemens, who ruled by love, not scolding—knit his brows so decidedly that Tina reddened, drew herself up with a slightly rebellious air, then thought better of it, and attempted an apology.

"You have wanted me, papa? I am so sorry. I did not know how late it was, or that you were going to start for Bradford this morning."

"And yet I told you last evening I must have a bag packed by eleven o'clock. But there, you were so busy chattering with those new acquaintances of yours, that I don't suppose you heard a word I said."

"Indeed I did, papa, but it had slipped my memory. I will go and attend to it at once."

Mr. Clemens' voice arrested her as she was hurrying away.

"You need not go. Your mother has been more considerate for my comfort, fortunately for me!" her father told her; "but I'll trouble you for those gloves of mine I gave you to mend."

Tina drooped her curly head, and her fair young face blushed a deeper crimson. The said gloves had been dropped in the summer-house, and lay there unheeded, while she listened to a musical voice that recited Byron and Tennyson, or praised with subtle flattery the intelligence that comprehended all that was best and grandest in their poesy.

Mrs. Clemens sighed, and her husband surveyed his daughter with mingled vexation and annoyance.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, "time was, that my little girl used to be proud to do anything for her old father; but now——"

Here, with a cry of distress, Tina flung herself on his neck. For did she not love him dearly? And though of late she had been learning to consider him harsh in his judgments and too easily prejudiced, she could not bear to hear his reproaches.

But Mrs. Clemens gently put her from him. Neither could he endure the thought of parting in anger from his only daughter, yet she must be made to understand that he was seriously displeased.

"Don't worry your mother with sobbing and crying, you foolish little thing. Take care of her while I am away and listen to her advice—you cannot have a wiser counsellor. Listen to her and then I shall find you a dear good girl once more. Give me a kiss, and if you are really penitent, do not let me hear of your snubbing Ray Haddon."

Mrs. Clemens accompanied her husband to the door, and the boys trooped after them; but Tina—all her good resolutions scattered by that last injunction—stayed in the hall, twisting her slender fingers together and pouting, till her mother came back to her, and slipping a hand through her arm, led her into the sunny morning-room where they were wont to read and work together.

Tina would fain have slipped away and returned to her own pursuits, but her mother looked so pale and tired as she sank into a cushioned chair, that the girl felt ashamed of her selfishness, and kneeling at Mrs. Clemens' side, caressed her lovingly.

"Dearest mamma, it was cruel to let you have all the fatigue and worry of seeing papa off. I fully intended to spare you, and cannot think why I was so remiss."

"My dear, I shall feel all right when I have had a rest," Mrs. Clemens replied, kindly. "You may be easy on my account; but I do wish—yes, wish very much—that you had not given papa reasons to complain of you."

Again Tina pouted.

"He is so horribly unjust."

The wife's pale cheek began to wear a hectic spot.

"I never thought to hear your father called that and by one of his own children. What injustice has he done to the daughter he is always loading with proofs of his affection?"

Tina winced, but repeated her assertion.

"Papa persists in treating me like a child. He sneers at my friends and prejudices himself against them."

"Your friends did you say!" retorted her mother. "Let me see, you have known the family now residing next door to us for the lengthy space of three weeks and two days! Were I in your place, I should call Mr. Corbaux and his sister mere acquaintances till I knew them better."

"Oh, but mamma, friendship is not measured by time!" exclaimed Tina, quoting from one of Gaspard Corbaux' enthusiastic utterances. "Our tastes are congenial; we seem to understand each other almost without speaking. Indeed, the pleasantest hours I have ever known are those I spend with Janet Corbaux and her brother."

"I thought you were happy at home?"

"Why, so I am; but it is a delightful change to enjoy the society of really intellectual people."

"I think," said Mrs. Clemens, rather maliciously, "I think I have heard you make a similar remark after an evening spent with our friends the Haddons."

Tina bit her lip, but answered quickly that the Haddons were a nice family, and she liked them all immensely.

"There is, however, one drawback," she added, "amongst the authors and artists whom Mr. Haddon, as an author himself, draws around him, one feels so miserably insignificant that I naturally prefer a smaller circle."

"In which you are flattered and courted till your little head is turned. Ah! child, you used to esteem Ray Haddon beyond all other young men we know, because he is too honest to try and win your love by praising your pretty face."

"I did not know Gaspard Corbaux then," confessed Tina. "Ray is very sensible, and all that, but commonplace. Janet's brother possesses talent, genius. It is an honor to be distinguished by his attentions."

"You think so?" queried Mrs. Clemens, doubtfully. "Your father has heard it hinted that young Corbaux——"

But Tina put her hand on her mother's lips, exclaiming, vehemently:

"No, no, mamma; you must not repeat such foul slanders. It is not like you to listen to what is not, can not be true. Gaspard has told me how often he should be stung by the meanness and jealousy of his fellow-men, if he did not soar above it."

Mrs. Clemens opened her eyes slightly, and might have smiled, if she had not felt too seriously troubled at her daughter's infatuation.

Tina had been happy and busy; a treasure in her own home, a welcome guest elsewhere, and modestly inclining to hearken to the suit of the wooer her father favored, until No. 2, Verbena Villas, was rented by a widow whose son and daughter soon contrived to get up an intimacy with their pretty next-door neighbor.

Mrs. Clemens did not like the widow, because she was affected, and too fond of expatiating on the beauty of her dearest Janet, and the abilities of her beloved son. Neither did she admire the young people, who took such complete possession of her innocent, unsuspecting Tina.

Though herself a partial mother, she was not blind to the faults of her own children.

She knew that her daughter was credulous and vain, and inexperienced in the ways of the world; and it vexed her to know that the Corbaux family were disgusting her with the quiet routine of her own home, by their pretended regret that one so well fitted to shine in society should be shut up with an invalid and a pack of noisy children.

What could be their motive? Was it true that Gaspard Corbaux was living a fast life, and contracted debts he would be glad to pay with the small fortune Tina had inherited from her grandmother?

Mrs. Clemens was debating whether or not to persist in warning the too confiding girl, when Ray Haddon was announced.

Tina sprang to her feet.

"What brings him here so early?" she cried vexedly. "He must be your guest, mamma, for I will not see him."

And refusing to hear the voice that bade her stop, she threw open the nearest window, dropped lightly to the lawn below, and was soon out of sight.

As a rule it was difficult to avoid her young brothers; but they had gone to the stable-yard to feed their rabbits, and no one espied Tina as she ran down the kitchen garden, to where, in the farthest corner, close to the garden-wall, there grew a venerable pear-tree.

The boys were strictly forbidden to come here at all, for Mr. Clemens was a bit of a dabbler in horticulture, and with the assistance of an odd man he succeeded, to his great pride and exultation, in growing here both melons and cucumbers finer than any of his neighbors could produce.

Only Tina dared cross the wire fence that formed the barrier; only Tina knew that it was easy to swing herself up to where, almost on a level with the top of the wall, there was a ledge in the pear-tree that formed a capital seat.

Here she sometimes hid from her brothers when she had an interesting book to finish; here she now chose to conceal herself from Ray Haddon, whose sad and reproachful glances she could not endure to meet. And curling herself up cosily, with her dark skirt carefully wrapped around her, she fell into a day-dream, in which handsome Gaspard Corbaux played the principal part.

But the aroma of a cigar reminded her that Mrs. Corbaux' garden was on the other side of the wall; and there, too, ran a path, up and down which Mrs. Corbaux' son would often stroll, thinking—or so he told the blushing Tina—of her.

Would it be safe to peep at him? Hark! he was speaking, and someone was replying in feminine accents. It was—it must be—Janet; and, parting the branches of the pear-tree, Tina unpinned the roses she wore, playfully intending to drop them on the heads of her friends as they passed by.

She leaned over the wall; they were close beneath it, for Gaspard had stopped short, flung down his cigar, and was grinding it under his heel, the while he angrily replied to some taunt uttered by his sister.

"What in the world is the use of your reminding me that I am over head and ears in debt? Don't I know it already? and isn't it your fault I am wasting my time here, when I might have sloped to America?"

"You are not justified in blaming me!" retorted Janet; looking in her wrath very unlike the placid beauty that fascinated Tina with her languid airs and graces.

"Yes, I am!" cried Gaspard, with equal heat. "It was you who suggested that it would be a good spec. to court the little simpleton next door. You said she had some thousands, independent of the old curmudgeon her father."

"I was told so."

"Then you were told a—fib. I wheedled the truth out of her yesterday. It's only five hundred altogether! What could I do with five hundred pounds, and a silly, sappy girl tacked to it!"

This was all Tina heard, for the roses dropped from her nerveless hands; and in her terror lest either the brother or the sister should look up to see whence they came, she threw herself back so hastily as to lose her balance.

She lost her senses also, for in her fall her head came in contact with the cucumber-frames. On reviving she found herself lying in the open frame, with the finest of her father's prize fruit crushed and bruised beneath her.

Sick and giddy as well as mortified beyond measure, she raised herself and began to totter towards the house. She was very much shaken and bruised, but what was the pain of her bruises compared to the humiliation of knowing that she had been the dupe of a needy fortune-hunter?

A few steps taken with difficulty, and Tina ran into the embrace of Ray Haddon. He did not understand why she passionately pushed him away, bidding him leave her, crying that she did not deserve, she never had deserved his affection; but he saw that her face was scratched and bleeding and one of her hands badly cut, besides which she was trembling from head to foot.

"She has had a bad fall, a terrible fall!" he said, as he tenderly gathered her into his strong arms and carried her to her mother.

When Mr. Clemens came back from the north his little daughter was confined to her room, feverish and slightly delirious, babbling of roses and Ray Haddon, and piteously beseeching that young man to save her from some deep and fearful abyss into which Janet and Gaspard Corbaux were endeavoring to drag her.

But Tina had a healthy constitution, and soon recovered sufficiently to come down into the drawing-room, and thank Ray Haddon in person, or the beautiful flowers he had sent her daily, and the many visits of inquiry he had paid to her mother.

She could hear with only a momentary pang and shudder that the house next door was to let, Mrs. Corbaux and Janet having departed so suddenly and secretly that the angry tradesman that they had omitted to pay knew not where to find them.

As for Gaspard, he was on his way to America, having obtained the necessary supplies by a run of luck at the gambling-table.

"You still look pale and thin, my darling!" exclaimed Ray Haddon, some weeks afterwards, when he had been allowed to slip an engagement-ring on one of the slender fingers lying on his palm. "No, it is not my fancy; that must have been a terrible fall you had!"

He looked at his betrothed inquiringly, for Tina had shrunk from giving any explanation of her hurts; but though she winced a little even now, she told Ray Haddon all, adding bravely:

"Never call it a terrible fall again; for though I fell from the heights of romance to the plains of common-sense, the shock was a wholesome one. It has cost me some suffering, but not the worst grief of all—the loss of your love—and so I will not regret it."

LENDING MONEY.—New York dressmakers have all sorts of methods for different customers—as, for example, the wife of a certain well-known millionaire, who can never persuade him to trust her with any sum of money, but who gets her bills paid, no matter what their size, without a murmur, regularly banked with her dressmaker, and draws a cheque on her at any time from two or three hundred dollars, all of which is charged with interest in the bill, under the head of laces, cloaks, or costumes, and is paid by her husband without a question.

There are some husbands, on the other hand, who object bitterly to bills from the dressmaker, but will pay any sum to the butcher or grocer; so the dressmaker forwards her account to the gentleman who furnishes meat, and he conceals the price of silk underclothes and Paris frocks under an account for a startling number of chops, and meat enough to feed an army, and when his bill is paid settles up with the dressmaker.

There is a fashionable female pawnbroker on Fifth Avenue, who has no gilt balls for a sign, and does not display any claimed goods for sale in her window, but who does a flourishing business in lending money at about 40 per cent. interest on the jewels and knicknacks of fashionable women. She declares that most of the money she lends out in this way goes to pay importunate dressmakers who have waited for their bills to be settled until patience has ceased to be a virtue, and who have been driven at last to send the account to the father or husband who had absolutely forbidden such debts to be contracted.

GAMBLING ON RAIN.—A system of gambling in Calcutta on rain is carried on in a "compound" off the Burra Bazaar, where, when a rain cloud crosses the sky, a crowd collects of eager, excited men; some rush about frantically, others perch themselves high on adjoining mats and gesticulate wildly to friends below, while all gaze anxiously at the sky.

These are the satta, or rain speculators, and the system, as explained by the lessee of the compound in which it is carried on, is extremely simple. On the roof of his office is a ditch which holds eight sers of water. If a rain cloud bursts and the fall exceeds this amount, the overflow is discharged into the compound by a spout. This decides all the bets, those who wagered it would rain winning. The bets are entered by the proprietor in a book, the commission being one pice per rupee, and the transactions being all settled at 10 o'clock the following morning.

A defaulter is hardly ever known; the gamblers are mostly money lenders, men of substance and well known to each other. They are a class by themselves, and the stakes are usually inconsiderable, whereas in Bombay it is not usual to have thousands of rupees on the rain. The system has one advantage—rain clouds can not be manipulated; they can not be loaded like dice, or "faked" like horses; there are no handicappers, no starters, no owners and no jockeys.

A COUNTRY OF SALT.—Everything in the country of the river Chai, in Central Asia, is described as covered with salt. It is seen in the walls of the houses and on the banks of the rivers, and the water one drinks is very salt. Traveling saltpeter-makers go in summer from place to place wherever they find materials to work upon. Their mode of operation is a rough-and-ready one. Holes in the earth serve as vats and boilers, and below these are placed ovens. Abundance of brushwood supplies materials for the fires. The workers collect from the surface of the earth heaps of a compost of salt and animal manure. This is soaked for twenty-four hours in water, then filtered, and then boiled for twenty-four hours, cleansed and then placed in the sun, so that the water may evaporate. An ordinary workman can make about fifty pounds in a day, and this he sells at the rate of a penny a pound. The workmen appear quite contented with their lot, and the industry is preserved in their families for generations.

Characters never change. Opinions alter—characters are only developed.

Bric-a-Brac.

A WHISTLING WELL.—There is a whistling well at Logan County, Kansas, which warns people of approaching storms from six to twelve hours in advance. It is one hundred and thirty-five feet deep, and sends out a strong current of air, which as it escapes through the apertures about the pump, whistles in a loud, flute-like tone that is distinctly audible to every person in the township.

ERMINE.—Ermine was for centuries the royal fur of England, and a law of Edward III expressly prohibited any one, except members of the royal family, from wearing it. Then royalty surrendered its exclusive use, but the varying arrangements of the black tails were still minutely prescribed. The sovereign and the royal family are alone entitled to wear ermine trimmings to the robes of state, in which the fur is spotted all over with black in the proportion of a spot to every square inch of trimming. Peeresses wear capes of ermine in which the spots or tails are arranged in rows, the number of rows denoting the degrees in rank.

ANCIENT LAWS OF SHOES.—The Jew who failed to keep a compact of honor was summoned before the authorities, and, if he then refused to fulfill his compact, the offended party would loosen his shoe, spit in his face, "and," as Holy Writ says, "his name shall be called in Israel, the house of him that hath his shoe loosed." To say a man's "in his boots" implies that he is very drunk. It comes from an old Welsh word, "boosi," meaning to be saturated with liquor. But to stand in another's shoes is to claim the honors of another. It has its origin from a custom common among the ancient Northmen, among whom if a man adopted a son in order that the youth might lawfully inherit, he must for a certain length of time wear the shoes of his adopter.

JACOB'S PILLOW.—Beneath the Coronation Chair in Westminster Abbey, England, lies a large oblong stone which was brought from Scone Palace in Scotland by Edward I, in 1297. It is said to have been first used in Ireland as a coronation stone, and then to have been taken to Dunstaffnage Castle near Oban (where it was known as the Stone of Destiny), before it was removed to Scone. As it can be traced back certainly for some six hundred years, it need not surprise us that legend has given it a very much older history, and represented it as the pillow on which Jacob laid his head when he dreamed of the ladder between heaven and earth, on which angels were seen ascending and descending, as related in the Book of Genesis.

A CURIOUS RACE.—A curious race was witnessed in Westphalia, the contest being between pigeons and a number of bees, the respective owners of which had wagered their favorites to win. The course was three miles and a half, and a dovecot which happened to be near a hive was selected for the winning post. It was found no easy matter to mark the bees so as to make their identity unmistakeable, but the difficulty was surmounted by rolling them in flour previous to starting them on their journey. This, while making them easily recognized on their arrival, probably retarded their flight; but, nevertheless, and though the pigeons were looked upon by those interested as the more likely winners, the race resulted in a victory for the bees; the first bee arriving at the post twenty-five seconds before the first pigeon; and three other bees before the second.

THE FIGURE IIII: Have you ever noticed that on the dial of all clocks and watches where Roman numerals are used, the figure four is written IIII instead of IV? The explanation of this carries us back to the year 1370, when the first clock on record which approached in accuracy of movement, the clocks of the present day was constructed for Charles V, of France. This monarch was surnamed, The Wise, and although he had a good degree of practical knowledge, he was not versed in the sciences. Like many other people he hated to acknowledge his ignorance, and often assumed to know what he did not. So when the watch was brought to him he thought it would be a sign of wisdom to find some fault with it, and declared that the IV should be four I's. "You are wrong, your majesty," said Vick. "I am never wrong!" thundered the King. "Take it away, and correct the mistake!" Whether the story is historically true or not, it is a fact that the figures have always been written in the way he is said to have ordered.

OUR BEST.

BY C. A. B.

To do one's best; the path is hard and long,
So many lives to linger on unblessed,
Hush jarring measure in recurrent song:
To do one's best.

While doubt and question round our musing throng
And still in silent suffering, pinched and gray,
Our brethren toil, in humble patience strong.

What can we do to light the weary day,
To right the wrong, for ages unredressed?
"Hush," calm and sure, the ocean voices say,
"Just do your best."

FOR LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NULL AND VOID," "MADAM'S WARD," "THE HOUSE IN THE CLOSE," "WHITE HERRING AND RED," "ONLY ONE LOVE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLV.

ENID flushed crimson.

"If there is one thing more than another about which the General is particular, it is the keeping of a promise," continued Miss Vane. "He may say that he will hold you to your word."

"He cannot," Enid answered with lowered eyelids. "For, if what I have been told is true, Hubert has broken his word to me—and so I am free."

"She must be free; she did not love him," said Maurice Evandale conclusively as if that statement settled the question about Enid.

"Ah, well, if love were all," Miss Vane began, but the opening of the door interrupted her. "What is it, Hodges? Another telegram? Is it the General again, I wonder?"

She tore open the brown envelope with more anxiety than she liked to show; her eyebrows went up, and her mouth compressed itself as she read the words—first to herself, and then to Enid and the Rector. The message was again from the General, and ran as follows—

"Hope Enid is safe. Cannot come myself because of carriage-accident. Dick very seriously injured; but Doctor gives hope."

"Oh, poor little Dick!" said Enid. "And I away from him!"

Miss Vane glanced at the Rector, and read in his eyes what was in her own mind—"If Dick should die, there would be no further perplexity."

Then both dropped their eyes guiltily, and hoped that Enid—dear, innocent, loving Enid!—had not guessed what they were thinking.

"At any rate," said Miss Vane, after a little pause, "you can do nothing now; and it is just as well that we have resolved to hold our tongues."

And then she went away to write some letters; and Enid was left alone with Maurice Evandale.

"My darling," said her lover, "are you sure that you are content and happy here now?"

"Quite sure, Maurice—except that I think—I half think—that I ought not to be married; I shall make such a bad wife to you if I am always ailing and weak."

"But you are not going to be ailing and weak, dearest—you are going to be a strong woman yet. Did you not tell me how you conquered that nervous inclination to give way last night after your interview with Mrs. Vane? And did you not walk to the station and travel up to town in the early morning without doing yourself a particle of harm? Believe me, darling, your ill-health was in great part a figment got up by Mrs. Vane for her own ends. You are perfectly well; and, when we are married, you will be strong too. Do you believe me, Enid?"

"Perfectly."

"And are you sure yet whether you love me or not?"

She smiled and the color flooded her sweet face. And he, although he knew well enough what she would say, pressed for an answer, and would not be satisfied until it had been put into words.

"Do you love me, Enid? Tell me darling—'Yes' or 'No'?"

And at last she answered very softly—

"I love you, Maurice, with all my heart and soul!"

* * * * * *

Maurice Evandale was obliged to go to Beechfield that evening; but, before he went, he explained his position more fully to Miss Vane than he had thought it necessary to do with Enid.

His father had left him an ample income; he had no near relatives, and was able to look forward with confidence to giving Enid a comfortable home.

He wanted to marry her as soon as possible; but, as Miss Vane pointed out to him, there was no use in being in too great a hurry, for many things would have to be settled before Enid's hand could be given in marriage.

She herself had always meant to leave Enid a fair share of her own wealth, and she announced her intention of settling a considerable sum upon her at once.

If the General would do the same thing, Enid would be a bride with a goodly dower. But Miss Vane was a little inclined to think that her brother would be angry with the girl for leaving his house, and that he might be a little difficult to manage now.

Mr. Evandale must be guided by circumstances—so she said to him; and, if Dick, was ill, and the General anxious and out of temper, he had better defer his proposal for a week or two. She promised that she would do her best to help him; and he knew that he might rely on Enid's assurance of her love.

Accordingly he went back to Beechfield; and Enid was left at Miss Vane's, there to gain strength of mind and body in the pleasant peaceful atmosphere of her house.

Miss Vane did not give many parties or go much into society about this time. With these whom she really loved she was always at her best; and many of her associates would have been thoroughly astonished to see how tender, how loving, this worldly, cynical old woman, as they thought her, could show herself to a girl like Enid Vane.

She gave up many engagements for Enid's sake, and lived quietly and as best suited her young visitor. For Enid, although rapidly recovering, was not yet strong enough to bear the excitement of London gaieties.

Besides, Dick was reported to be very ill, and during his illness Enid could not have borne to go out to the theatres and balls.

The General had been driving to the station when the accident took place. The horse had taken fright and grown unmanageable; the phaeton had been nearly dashed to pieces; and Dick, who had been on the box beside his father, had had a terrible fall.

He had never spoken or been conscious since; he lingered from day to day in a state of complete insensibility; and while he had been in this state the General would not leave him.

Of Flossy nobody heard a word. The General wrote to his sister, and sent kind messages to Enid, but did not mention Flossy. Aunt Leo and Enid both wondered why.

Enid had been in town nearly a week, when one morning a letter was brought to her at the sight of which she colored deeply. She was sitting at the luncheon-table with her aunt, and for a few minutes she left the letter beside her plate unopened.

"Won't you read your letter dear?" said Miss Vane.

"Thank you aunt Leo."

Then she took the letter and opened it; but her color varied strangely as she read, and, when she had finished it, she pushed it towards her aunt.

"Will you read it?" she said quietly. "It seems to me that he does not understand our position."

The servants were not in the room, and she could talk freely. Aunt Leo settled her eye-glasses on her nose and looked at the letter.

"Why, it's from Hubert!" she said breathlessly.

Then she read it half aloud; and Enid winced at the sound of some of the words.

"My dearest Enid," Hubert had written—"I have just heard that you are in town. If I could come to see you, I would; but you know, I suppose, that I have been ill. I have had no letter from you for what seems an interminable time. I must ask you to excuse more from me to-day—my hand is abominably shaky!

"Yours, "H. L."

The handwriting was certainly shaky; Miss Vane had some difficulty in deciphering the crooked characters.

"H'm!" she said, laying the letter on the table and looking inquiringly at her niece. "What does he mean?"

"He means that he still thinks me engaged to him," said Enid, the color hot in her girlish cheeks.

"Then you had better disabuse him of that notion, my dear, for you can't be engaged to two people at once; and I have given my consent to your marriage with Mr. Evandale."

"Do you think," said Enid, in a half-whisper, "that I have been mistaken, and that Hubert will be—sorry?"

"No, dear, I don't!"

"Aunt Leo, is this report true about him and Miss West?"

"What do you know about Miss West, Enid?"

"Uncle Richard told me. She came to nurse Hubert when he was ill. Uncle Richard seemed to think that very wrong of her; but I don't. I think it was right, if she loved him. If Maurice were ill, I should like to go and nurse him, whether he cared for me or not."

"Child," said Miss Vane solemnly, "you are a simpleton! You don't know what you are talking about! I have seen Cynthia West and talked to her, and she is not a woman who, I should think, knows what true love is at all. She is hard and careless and worldly, and singularly ill-mannered. She is not the woman Hubert would do well to marry."

"What am I to say to him?" said Enid, with her eyes on the table-cloth, "if he says that he does not want to marry her—that he wants to marry me?"

"You must tell him the truth, my dear," said Miss Vane, rising briskly from the table, and shaking out a fold of her dress on which some crumbs had fallen—"namely, that you don't care a rap for him, but that you are in love with the Beechfield parson; and, if Hubert is a gentleman, he will not press his claim. And, to do Hubert justice, whatever may be his faults, I believe that he generally acts like a gentleman."

Miss Vane went away from the dining-room to dress for a drive and a round of calls. Before long Enid, who had refused to accompany her, was left in the house alone: and then a vague desire began to take definite shape in her mind.

She would see Hubert for herself. She would claim her own freedom, and tell him that he was free. He was well enough now to listen to her, if he was well enough to write. She would go to him while aunt Leo was out—that very afternoon.

A hansom-cab made the matter very easy. She had almost a sense of elation as she stood at the door of Hubert's sitting-room and knocked her timid little knock, which had to be twice repeated before the door was opened; and then a tall slight girl in black stood in the doorway and asked her what she wanted.

"I want to see Mr. Lepel," said Enid, blushing.

"Mr. Lepel has been ill."

The girl's clear voice had a curious vibration in it as she spoke.

"Do you want to see him particularly?" Cynthia asked.

Enid took courage and looked at her. The girl wore a black hat; her dress was severely plain, and her face was pale. Enid thought that there was nothing remarkable about her—therefore that she could not be Cynthia West.

"I am his cousin," she explained simply, "and my name is Vane—Enid Vane."

A flash of new expression changed the girl's face at once. Not remarkable—with those great dark eyes, and the lovely color coming and going in the oval cheeks! Enid confessed her mistake to herself frankly.

The girl was remarkably handsome—it was a fact that could not be gainsaid. Enid looked at her gravely, with a little feeling of repulsion which she found it difficult to help.

"Will you come in?" said Cynthia. "Mr. Lepel is in his room; but he means to get up this afternoon. If you will kindly wait for a few moments in his sitting-room, I am sure that he will be with you before long. I will speak to his man Jenkins."

She had ushered Enid into Hubert's front room, from which the untidiness had disappeared. His artistic properities were displayed to great advantage, and every vase was filled with flowers. It was plain that a woman's hand had been at work.

Enid glanced around her with curiosity. Cynthia pushed a chair towards her, and waited until the visitor had seated herself. Then repeating the words, "I will speak to his man Jenkins," she prepared to leave the room.

Enid rose from her chair.

"You are Miss West," she said—"Cynthia West?"

"Cynthia Westwood," replied the girl, and looked sorrowfully yet proudly into Enid's eyes.

Her head was flushed, but Enid's had turned pale.

"Will you stay and speak to me for a minute or two? I see that you were going out——"

"It does not matter; I need not go," said Cynthia, removing her hat and laying it carelessly on one of the tables. "If you want to speak to me——"

Neither of them concluded her sentence. Each was conscious of great embarrassment.

For once in her life, Cynthia stood like a culprit; for she thought that Enid loved Hubert Lepel, and that she—Cynthia—had withdrawn him from his allegiance. It was Enid who broke the silence.

"I wanted to see you," she said. "I came to see you more than to see Hubert. I heard you were here."

Cynthia looked up quickly.

"You heard Mrs. Vane's opinion of me, I suppose?"

It was bitterly spoken.

"My uncle told me—not Mrs. Vane," said Enid. "I should not believe a thing just because Mrs. Vane said it—nor my uncle, for his opinions all come from Mrs. Vane."

Her expressions were somewhat vague; but her meaning was clear. Cynthia flashed a grateful glance at her.

"You mean," she said, holding her graceful head a trifle higher than usual, "that you do not think that I am unwomanly—that I have disgraced myself—because I came here to nurse Mr. Lepel in his severe illness?"

"No! I should have done the same in your place—if I loved a man."

The color mounted to the roots of Cynthia's hair.

"You know that?" she said quickly. "That I—I love him, I mean? There is no use in denying it—I do. There is no harm in it. I shall not hurt him by loving him—as I shall love him—to the last day of my life."

"No; I should be the last person to blame you," said Enid very gently, "because I know what love is myself."

The color flamed all over her fair face as it had flamed in Cynthia's.

Cynthia bit her lip.

"You do not think," she said, with the impetuous abruptness which might have been ungraceful in a less beautiful woman, but was never unbecoming to her, "that because I love him I want to take him away from those who have a better right to his love than I? I learned to care for him unawares; I had given him my love in secret long before—before he knew. He knows it now; I cannot help his knowing. I am not ashamed. I should be ashamed if I thought that I could make him unfaithful to you."

Enid looked at her, and admired. Cynthia's generosity was taking her heart by storm. But for that moment she could not speak, and Cynthia went on rapidly.

"You do not know what he has been to me. I have had trouble and misfortune in my life, and I have had kindness and good friends also; but he—he was almost the first—he and you together, Miss Vane, although you do not know what I mean perhaps. Do you remember meeting a ragged child on the road outside your park gates, and speaking kindly to her and giving her your only shilling? That was myself!"

"You," cried Enid—"you that little gipsy girl! I remember that I could not understand why I was sent away."

Then she stopped short and looked aside, fearing lest she had said something that might hurt.

"I know," said Cynthia. "Your aunt—Miss Vane—was shocked to find you talking to me, for she knew who I was. She sent you back to the house; but before you went you asked Mr. Lepel to be good to me. He promised—and he kept his word. Although I did not know it until long afterwards, it was he who sent me to school for many years, and had me trained and cared for in every possible way. I did not even know his name; but I treasured up my memories of that afternoon when I saw him at Beechfield all through the years that I have spent at school. I knew your name; and I kept the shilling that you gave me, in remembrance of your goodness. I have worn it ever since. See—it is round my neck now, and I shall never part from it. And do you think after all those years of gratitude and tender memory of your kindness, I would do you a wrong so terrible as that of which Mrs. Vane accuses me? I would die first! I love Hubert; but, if I may say so, I love you, Miss Vane, too, humbly and from a distance—and I will never willingly give you a moment's pain. I will be guided by what you wish me to do. If you tell me to leave the house this day, I will go, and never see him more. You have the right to command, and I will obey."

"But why," said Enid slowly, "did you not think of all this earlier? Why, when you were older, did you not remember that you—you had no right——"

She could not finish her sentence.

"Because of his relationship to you, and his engagement to you? Oh, I see that I must tell you more! Miss Vane, I was ungrateful enough to run away from the school at which he placed me, and as soon as my story became accidentally known to my schoolfellows. I was then befriended by an old musician, who taught me how to sing and got me an engagement on the stage. When he died, I was reduced to great poverty. I heard of Mr. Lepel at the theatre. He wrote plays, and had became acquainted with my face and my stage-name; but he did not know that I was the girl whom he had sent to school; and I did not know that he was the gentleman whom I had seen with you at Beechfield. His face sometimes seemed vaguely familiar to me; but I could not imagine why."

"And did he not remember you?"

"Not in the least. I applied to him for help to get work," said Cynthia, flushing hotly at the remembrance; "and he found out that I had a voice and helped me. I went to him because I had heard of his kindness to others, and I had read a story that he had written, which made me think that he would be kind. And he was kind—so kind that, without design, without any attempt to win my heart, I fell in love with him, Miss Vane, not knowing that he was your cousin, not knowing that he was plighted to another. You may not forgive me for it; I can only say that I do not think that it was my fault; and I am sure that he—he was not to blame. You may punish me as you will"—there was a rising sob in Cynthia's throat—"but you must forgive him, and he will be true to you."

She covered her face and burst into passionate tears. She could control herself no longer; and at first she hardly felt the touch of Enid's hand upon her arm, or heard the words of comfort that fell from Enid's lips.

"You do not understand me," Enid was saying, when at last Cynthia could listen, "and I want to make you understand. I have misjudged you—will you forgive me? It has been very, very hard for you!"

The tears were rolling down her own cheeks as she spoke. Cynthia surrendered her hand to Enid's clasp, and listened as if she were in a dream—a pleasant beautiful dream, too good to last.

"We may perhaps be divided all our lives," said Enid, "because of things that happened when we were children—things that you cannot help any more than I. But as far as it is possible I want always to be your friend. Think of me as your friend—will you not, Cynthia?"

"If I may," said Cynthia.

"I shall always remember you," Enid went on. "And I do not think that it has been wrong for you to love Hubert, or for him to love you—and he does love you, does he not? You need not be afraid to tell me, because I came here chiefly for one thing—to tell him that I cannot marry him, and to ask him to set me free."

"Not for my sake?" said Cynthia, trembling from head to foot.

"Not for your sake, dear, but for my own," said Enid, taking both her hands and looking straight into Cynthia's tear-filled eyes; "because I have been as unfaithful to him as I think he has been to me—and I have given my heart away to some one else. I am going to marry Mr. Evandale, the Rector of Beechfield."

The two girls were standing thus, hand in hand, the eyes of each fixed on the other's face, when the door of communication with the next room was suddenly opened. Hubert stood there, leaning on Jenkin's arm—for he was still exceedingly weak—and the start of surprise which he gave when he saw Enid and Cynthia was uncontrollable. Cynthia dropped Enid's hand and turned away; there was something in her face which she could not bear to have seen. Enid advanced towards her cousin, and held out her hand in quiet friendly greeting.

CHAPTER XLVI.

"I HAVE come to answer your note myself," said Enid to her cousin, as he made his way with faltering steps into the room. "I hope that you are much better now?"

Hubert had seldom felt himself in a more uncomfortable position. What did this mean? Had Enid and Cynthia been comparing notes? He look from one to the other in helpless dismay, and scarcely answered Enid's inquiry as he sank into the chair that Tom Jenkins wheeled forward for him.

Cynthia had turned her back upon the company, and was again putting on her little black hat. It was plain that she and Enid had both been crying.

"You must have been very ill," said Enid, regarding him with compassionate eyes.

"For a few days I believe that I was rather bad; but I am all right now," said Hubert, taking refuge in conventionalities. "My kind nurse has introduced herself to you perhaps?"

"We introduced ourselves to each other," said Enid; and then she walked away from him to Cynthia. "Will you leave us together for a little time? You do not mind? I shall not be long; but I want to make Hubert understand what I said to you just now."

She had drawn Cynthia outside the door as she spoke. The two looked at each other again gravely, and yet with a kind of pleasure and satisfaction—then they kissed each other.

Cynthia ran down-stairs; Enid re-entered the drawing-room and closed the door. Mrs. Jenkins had appeared on the scene with a tea-tray, which she arranged on the table at Hubert's elbow; and, till she had gone, Enid did not speak.

She sat down in a low arm-chair and observed her cousin steadily. He was certainly very much changed. His hair was turning gray on the temples; his eyes were hollow and haggard; he was exceedingly thin. There was an air of gloom and depression about him which Enid had not noticed before.

She gave him a cup of tea and took one herself before she would let his speak anything but commonplaces. He did not seem inclined to talk; but, when she took away his cup, he laid a detaining hand upon her arm and said—

"It is very good of you to come."

"I would have come before if I had been able—and if you had wanted me."

"You are always welcome," said Hubert.

His tongue was languid, and his eyes did not meet her own.

"Hubert, are you well enough to have a little talk with me—a sort of business conversation?"

"Certainly, Enid. I am really quite well now."

There was still no alacrity in his reply.

"And you wrote to me, saying that I had not written——"

"And you had not—for a month or more," said he, smiling a little more frankly into her face. "Was I wrong?"

"Did you expect me to write?"

"Yes, certainly. "Why not?"

"You did not think that I should believe what your sister has been saying?" Enid asked.

"Flossy? What does she say?"

"Miss West has not told you? Of course she knows; for she was here when Mrs. Vane and the General called."

"I suppose that everything disagreeable has been kept from me," said Hubert, after a little pause. "I know that there is a pile of letters which my nurses will not let me read. Tell me what has been going on."

"I am sorry to have to say disagreeable things to you," said Enid softly. "It will not make you ill again, will it, Hubert?"

"Out with it! It won't matter!" said Hubert, in a rather impatient tone. "What do you want to say?"

"Nothing to make your pulse throb and your face flush in that manner," she answered, sitting down beside him and laying her cool fingers on his wrist. "Dear Hubert, I have no bad news for you, though I may say one or two things that sound disagreeable. Please don't excite yourself in this way, or I must go away."

"No; no—you must speak out now; it will do me no harm. What is it?"

"Flossy saw Miss West here. She was displeased by her presence. Uncle Richard believed every word that his wife said, and was led to think that Cynthia West was a wicked designing creature who wanted to marry you. You can imagine what Florence would say and what Uncle Richard would believe."

"I can indeed! And did she come here and say this to Cynthia?"

"She said a great deal, I believe. She tried to make Cynthia go away—Uncle Richard told her; and—shall I tell you everything, Hubert?—he said that you would not be 'led astray' for very long, and that I should find that you were true—true to me."

"Enid, did you believe him?"

"I don't know exactly what I believed. It seemed to me that Cynthia West had done a very noble thing in coming to nurse you when you were ill."

Hubert turned and seized her hands.

"Heaven bless you for saying that, Enid! She saved my life."

"And we should be grateful to her, and not malign her, should we not? But it is only right, Hubert, that I should know the truth."

"The truth? What is there to know?" said Hubert, relinquishing her hands and frowning heavily. "Flossy is absurdly wrong and mistaken, and Cynthia West is one of the noblest women in the world—that is all I have to say. When I am a little stronger, Enid, it will be better if you consent to marry me at once; then we can go away together and spend the winter in Egypt or Algiers."

He spoke hardly determinedly. He had made up his mind to carry out his sacrifice, if Enid desired it, at any cost. He had, as the General would have said, returned to his allegiance.

Enid looked at him with a keenness, an intentness, which struck him as very remarkable.

"Do you want me to marry you"? she said.

"Of course I do! Why else should I have asked you?" he returned with all a sick man's petulance. "I want to get the ceremony over as soon as possible—as soon as you will consent. When shall it be?"

"One moment, Hubert. Tell me first what I want to know. Is Flossy right in saying that Cynthia West loves you?"

"You may be quite sure that Flossy is infernally wrong in anything she says!" he answered.

He had never spoken so roughly to her before. She drew back for a second, and he immediately apologized.

"I beg your pardon, Enid; I am sorry to be so irritable. Think of me as a sick man still, and forgive me. But Flossy knows nothing of the matter."

"Not even that Cynthia cares anything for you?"

A deep flush rose to his face.

"You should not ask me. It is the last thing that I cannot tell," he said with the same sharpness of tone.

"Then tell me another thing, Hubert. Do you not care for her?"

"Yes—a great deal. She has been a kind friend—an excellent nurse—and I am grateful to her. Enid, I do not like to think that you believe me to be untrue to you."

She took his hand in hers and kissed it—a movement which decomposed him exceedingly.

"I did not think for one moment that you would desert me, Hubert, if I wanted you to perform what you had promised some time ago."

"Enid, what do you mean? Of course I shall perform what I have promised. Has Flossy been making you jealous and suspicious? My dear believe me, there is no occasion for you to be so. You are very dear to me, and I will be faithful to you always. You shall never have cause to complain."

"Yes, I know," she said gently. "You are very good, Hubert, and you would not for the world do what you think to be a cruel thing. But would it not be better for you to be perfectly open with me? If you care for Cynthia West, would it not be better even for me that you should marry the woman whom you love?"

She looked at him and saw his face twitch. Then he shook his head.

"This is folly, Enid, and I am really not strong enough to stand it. You have no need to be troubled with doubts and fears, my little girl. Cynthia West is as good and true as a woman can be; and I—I mean to make you happy and do my duty as a man should do."

Enid smiled, but her eyes were filled with tears.

"Ah, Hubert, I am so glad that you say that!" she cried.

Hubert looked worried, tormented, anything but glad; but she went on.

"I always trusted you—always believed in you—and I was right. You would never be untrue—you would never——"

"For mercy's sake, Enid, stop!" said Hubert faintly. "I can't—I can't bear this sort of thing!"

And indeed he looked so ghastly that she had to find smelling-salts and bring him some cold water to drink before she could go on.

"I am very sorry," she said penitently, "and I will say what I have to say very quickly, if you will let me. You will not acknowledge the truth, I see, though it would be wiser if you would. You love Cynthia West, and Cynthia loves you; and, though you are willing to keep your word to me, you care for me only as a cousin and a friend. Is not that really the truth?"

"My dear Enid, you are developing a wonderful amount of imagination and, I may say, of courage!"

"I don't know about imagination," she said, smiling again; "but I think that I have gained a great deal of courage since I saw you last. As you will not set me free for your own sake, I must ask you to set me free for mine. I cannot marry you, Hubert. Will you forgive me for breaking my word?"

Her eyes shone so brightly, her smile was so sweet, that Hubert looked at her in amazement. He had never seen her half so beautiful.

She was transfigured; for love and happiness had done their work, and made her lovelier than she had ever been in all her life before.

"I am in earnest," she went on. "I have been false to you, Hubert dear—and yet I never liked you so well as I like you now. I have given my word to some one else—to some one that I love better—and I want to know if you will forgive me and set me free."

"Enid, I cannot understand! Do you think that I am not ready—anxious—to marry you? My dear, if you will only trust me and honor me so far——"

Enid laughed in his face.

"Why won't you believe that I am in earnest?" she said. "Indeed, I am speaking seriously. I love Maurice Evandale, the Rector of Beechfield, better than I love you, uncivil though it may sound."

He caught her by the hands.

"Really—truly—Enid? You love him?"

"Far better than I ever loved you, dear Hubert! You are my cousin, whom I love sincerely in a cousinly way; but I love Maurice with all my heart and soul!"—and a deep blush overspread her countenance, while her happy smile and lowered eyes attested the truth of her statment.

"And are you happy?"

"Very happy! And, Hubert, I should like to see you happy too. Now acknowledge the truth, please. You love Cynthia—is not that true?"

"Enid, you are a witch!"

"And she loves you!"

He did not answer for a minute or two. Then, with accustomed gravity of tone, he said:

"I fear so, Enid."

"You fear so? Why do you say that?" she asked.

"Because I am afraid that, even if we love each other, we ought not to marry."

Enid's face grew thoughtful, like his own.

"You mean because of my father?" she said.

"Yes—because of your father."

But he did not mean it in the sense that she attributed to his words. He lay back in his chair, sighing heavily, and again growing very pale.

"Hubert," said the girl, "I think you are wrong. Cynthia is not to blame for her father's actions—it is not fair to punish the innocent for the guilty."

"My dear, I must tell you before you go on that Cynthia does not believe her father guilty."

"Not guilty? Oh, Hubert! But do you think so, do you not?"

He struggled desperately with himself for a minute.

"No, Enid," he said at last in a hoarse whisper.

Her face grew troubled and much perplexed.

"But the jury said that he was guilty! You think that they were wrong? Perhaps some new evidence has been found! I shall be glad for Cynthia's sake if her father is innocent."

"Shall you, Enid?"

"Yes; for it must be such a terrible thing for a girl to know that her father has committed a great crime. She can never forget it; her whole life must be overshadowed by the remembrance. I am so thankful to think that my own dear father—although his end was tragic—lived a good and honorable life. It would be awful for Cynthia if she believed her father to be a wicked man!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A colord man named Edward Williams and a white girl named Ellen Cuslip, both of Gilmer county Va., walked all the way to Marietta, Ohio, a distance of more than sixty miles, to be married. Both were entirely destitute of money and had nothing to eat on the way. They were married by Justice R. E. Guyton, and after a hearty meal returned on foot to their distant home.

It takes twenty-six years for a man to become a physician in Germany. Land is scarce over there, and they can't spare much space for cemetery lots.

BROWN AND GOLD.

BY EDMUND MERCER.

It is the time when harvest has begun;
The feray bracken withered brown and slight,
Tinged with a brilliant wealth of glitt'ring light—
A golden flood from the low, blushing sun—
Carpets the sloping hills, who summits dun
Are kingly crowned with glowing radiance bright;
The brown lark singing in her aureate flight
Sinks earthwards when her closing trill is run.
Among the bracken sits my lady fair,
Sunburnt is her sweet face, and brown her hair,
Except where she has meshed the light of gold
Within its threads; so, too, her eyes are brown,
And on her hand, as dusky as her gown,
Gleams of gemmed circlet—pledge her love I hold.

IN AFTER YEARS.

BY LUCY WALKER.

CHAPTER II.

AND all in the South lies like this? So scorched, so bare, so glaring? I had pictured it so different; I hope I am not going to be disappointed."

This was Ursula's first comment on her new surroundings, as the carriage in which her father had come to meet her left Toulon by the road which leads along the coast, to the village of Carqueyranne.

As she spoke she looked to the right and left, and saw between the gaily-painted suburban villas on the one hand, glimpses of a smooth steel blue sea and of distant rocky islands, whose outline stood out sharp and clear in the transparent distance; on the other side, the road was skirted by masses of reddish-yellow rock, up the inequalities of which a few quaint, clumsy cactus plants climbed.

The dull grey of the olives and aloes; the sombre, inert masses of the eucalyptus; and the abrupt, stiff forms of the cypresses, with which the houses were surrounded, contrasted with, but did not soften, the midday glare.

The first faint pink roses were scarcely visible against the background of their scant, dusty foliage.

"And are those olive-trees?" she continued. "What scrubby, gnarled things they are!"

"Yet Cherbuliez," replied Mr. Armitage, cheerfully, "says that the first sight of an olive is an epoch in a life. You see, my dear, your tastes are insular, and require cultivation."

"Now, father," returned Ursula, "that is too bad. You know I always pride myself on being superior to those prejudices which are usually called insular."

"I'm sure I beg your pardon, my dear, I had, for the moment, forgotten what an ardent little cosmopolitan you are; for the last few weeks, you know, I have been considering you purely from what one may call an insular point of view."

"I wonder why," asked Ursula.

"Because, my dear child, you would not be here if you were not English. It is the Englishwoman in you, and not the cosmopolitan, which Madame di Loscagno wants."

"You don't mean to say," rejoined Ursula, contemptuously, "that she is one of those terrible creatures—an Anglomaniac?"

"Not in the least; though she is devoted to everything English. Her devotion is, however, no mere fad; but is rooted deeply in the experiences of her past life, or rather, I might say, is the sequel to the romance of her youth."

"Dear me," cried Ursula, "this sounds interesting; and do you know this romance?"

"I know it as mere heresay, not from the Baroness herself, who is, despite a certain superficial frankness, an extremely reserved woman. She was not, you must know, born a member of the select circle which now receives her with open arms; her father was a Parisian stockbroker, who made an immense fortune in American railways. His only daughter and heiress, now Madame di Loscagno, had the bad taste to fall in love without asking her father's advice, and to marry without obtaining his consent—no easy matter in France, as you know. The object of her affections was a compatriot of ours—a man of good family, but of no property. The stockbroker was a person not to be trifled with; he forbade his disobedient daughter to even ask his forgiveness, and left her to the tender mercies of the wolves who, doubtless, soon clamored round her door. I believe the message turned out, as such messages often do, a failure; no doubt, our needy compatriot's temper was considerably tried by finding out that his aristocratic name was not worth a cent of dowry. A little boy was born; but matters did not improve. At last, the episode came to a very tragic end—at some little town on the coast of Brittany. The husband went out boating one day, with their little boy, who was then about three or four; the following day the boat drifted, empty, on to the sands. Then, like a true woman, the Baroness—she was not the Baroness then, you know—buried the memory of all her unhappiness, and forgave everything that she had to forgive. Her terrible sorrow melted her father's wrath, and she returned to the parental roof—that is, to the Villa Estella, which the stockbroker had been busy building while his daughter had been testing the fallacy of love in a cottage. Years after, she married, at her father's persuasion, the Baron di Loscagno, an Italian nobleman twice her age, who bartered his title for her money-bags. She is now a widow, for the second time, and I suppose, as she feels old age creeping on, she tries to renew the memory of her youth by drawing round her associations from auld lang syne—English voices and English faces."

"Really," cried Ursula, "that is quite an interesting story! Do you know the first husband's name?"

"He has been dead these five and-twenty years," answered Mr. Armitage, "and his name, which was, no doubt, difficult to French lips, has passed from the memory of tradition."

While Ursula had been listening to this story, the prospect had gradually been increasing in variety; on the left, the lofty conical Paradis, and the curves of the Coudon, formed a foreground and distance between which the lower hills and romantic gorges offered every attraction to the exploring visitor; to the right stretched out the broad, peaceful sea, while in front the low pine-covered hills were partially obscured by the broad back of the coach-man.

"Here we are!" exclaimed Mr. Armitage. "Now I shall be greatly surprised if you are disappointed in the Villa Estella."

They were entering a pair of lofty gates as he spoke, and the horses were slackening speed to descend a drive which wound upwards beneath the shade of eucalyptus and palm, between which Ursula caught glimpses of bright flowers and splashing fountains.

The dust and glare of the road was left behind, the wind came softly under the trees, bringing a breath of violets; finally, the carriage stopped on a broad gravel sweep in front of a handsome low-roofed house, round whose many balconies and verandas every description of flowering creeper hung.

At the open door, framed in a circle of dazzling bougain-villia, stood an old lady of diminutive stature, with eager face and outstretched hands to welcome the new-comer.

She did not listen to the elaborate speech with which Mr. Armitage presented his daughter to her; but, taking Ursula by the hands, she drew her down, looked at her for a moment, then, as if satisfied with her scrutiny of the sweet girlish face, she raised herself on tiptoe, and expressed her approbation by kiss on either cheeks.

"And now, Mr. Armitage," she said, "you have fulfilled your commission and brought me your daughter; you have, doubtless, satisfied your craving for home news on the way—I give you your congé. My nephew is somewhere. Not busy—oh, dear no—is Rene ever busy? While you look for him, and join in his employment of doing nothing, I and your daughter will try and make friends with one another if possible."

Then turning to Ursula, the voluble little lady continued:

"He has told you, perhaps, that he only waited here for your arrival; to-morrow afternoon he leaves us. He is in a fever to get back to England, so that he may begin building a fortune out of an old stone quarry which has not been worked since the days of the Moors. It is his forte—or, should I say his foible?—to make fortunes."

"He is very clever in money matters," said Ursula, with an air of profound conviction.

"I thought so," rejoined the Baroness, with a merry twinkle in her eyes. "And is he generally successful in his fortune making?"

"He has been rather unfortunate," said Ursula, as she followed her companion into the house; "but I hope, for your sake, as well as his, that he will have better luck this time."

The old lady's smile developed into a laugh.

"Not for my sake!" she said. "I am too cautious—too old, if you like—to join in speculations. I am nearly fifty-six. At that age one has learned the wisdom of contentment. My nephew, however, will be greatful for your good wishes. He is going into the scheme 'neck and crop,' as the English say. It will do him no harm to have a little anxiety, a little risk—he is so lazy. Do you like lazy people? However, that is not now a question of importance—we will compare notes on these matters later on. Now let me show you your room, and when you are ready to come down, you will find afternoon tea—real English afternoon tea—in the drawing-room, which you will pour out for us. An Englishwoman looks so thoroughly at home with a teapot in one hand and the sugar-tongs in the other."

Amid this accompaniment of chatter, Madame di Loscagno had led Ursula into a cool, lofty room, opening out on to one of the flowery balconies, and looking down over a trellis-covered terrace, where the Banksia roses already made a pleasant shade.

"How delicious!" was Ursula's almost unspoken reflection, as soon as she found herself alone. "I wonder what mother would say, if she could see what she wanted me to refuse, or whether Felix would continue his forebodings of evil!"

Then with a deep-drawn sigh as she looked round, she continued:

"I wonder if Felix is very unhappy? I'm sorry if he is; but I cannot help it, and I did not keep on thinking of him and of all the old story any longer. He does not love me as I hope I shall be loved some day; and I don't love him one little bit. I think I shall sit down at once and write to mother—I must describe the lovely view from this delicious balcony to some one who does not know it, and I must tell her how the dear old thing kissed me. It would have been so different if she had been stiff and formal. Felix is always saying that one's view of a thing depends entirely on one's own standpoint; and here am I, caught up by the wind of a kind destiny and dropped on a spot from which you begin by seeing the most agreeable side of everything. Yes I shall certainly write to them at once."

As she stood thus on the balcony, taking a bird's-eye view of as much of her new surroundings, moral and physical, as she could command, her reverie was broken in upon by the sudden commencement of a song on the terrace below. The voice of the singer was such a voice as could not fail to arrest the attention of a cultivated ear.

It was pure, rich baritone, whose easy inflections spoke at once of Southern grace and Southern carelessness.

The song was even more striking than the voice; the words were in a language totally strange to Ursula; but, joined to one of those quaint and powerful melodies which the Provencal peasants still keep as a legacy of the troubadors, without verbal translation gained such depth and beauty of meaning, that it came to her with all the charm of an unexpected revelation of happiness and enjoyment.

The sunshine, the crisp, transparent distance, the shimmer of the sea, the many hues of flowers, all seemed silent in the joyful, sparkling phrases.

Ursula could not see the singer; she wondered if it were a wandering minstrel, or if one of the gardeners lightened his labors by such an exquisite performance. Whoever he was, he stirred the innocent fibres of her heart, and kindled her quick imagination.

She was sure the song was of love, of soft vows, and happy meetings, of an ideal bliss in this land of summer. Then the strain changed, a cloud passed over the sun, the distance grew grey; the flowers languished; the lady smiled no more on her faithful troubadour, and the melody died away in a long sigh.

Ursula gave a little shiver; she would have had the lady relent, and the joyous music resound once more from the lips of the lover.

In the stillness which followed the song, she began herself to try and recall the former part of the melody; but its mazes and modulations were too intricate to be easily retraced, and when, for the second time, she attempted the opening bars, the unseen minstrel joined his voice to hers and repeated the strange uncomprehended words, she smiled as she followed him.

"This is a kind of singing lesson which I certainly did not expect," she thought, "and I must try and see what my teacher is like."

Then she started with surprise, for at the sound of her father's voice below, the song to an abrupt end.

"Ah, there you are, Baron!" he cried; "I caught the sound of your favorite ditty and tracked you out."

So it had been no less interesting person than Monsieur le Baron di Loscagno who sang so inimitably! But when he and Mr. Armitage had strolled away from the terrace, and when Ursula sat down to write her letter, she did not mention him or the impression his baritone voice had made upon her; though she spent some ten minutes in drawing on the edge of her blotting-book imaginary profiles which should fulfil the promise of that voice.

Meanwhile, the troubadour had descended to a very practical level.

"Now, my dear Armitage," he began, as they walked along in the shady garden, "let me see if I understand all your programme. You take our valuable specimens of green marble to England; you have certain knowing people on your list to whom you will show them; these knowing ones will lend their valuable, but to me somewhat incomprehensible, aid in starting the thing; you sell the shares and collect the capital. How long will all that take?"

"Not very long," replied Mr. Armitage, cheerfully, "that is, if everything goes well; but——"

"But it will go well. Why should it not go well?"

"There is no reason at all; but we must not be too sanguine."

"Nay," cried the Baron, "I must be sanguine. I do assure you, Armitage, that if I had not this scheme to cling to, as a last straw, I should collapse utterly. To doubt concerning our success would be a resort to extreme measures. Do you not understand that I am squeezed as dry as this old fir-cone? I couldn't possibly, to save my honor, pay one per cent. of my debts. If the marble quarry should fail I shall either blow out my brains, or go a-wooing to the daughter of some shopkeeper in Marseilles."

"I hope, my dear di Loscagno," said Mr. Armitage, "that you will not try such severe remedies. I should recommend, as an alternative, that you draw up and present to the Baroness a full, true, and particular statement of your deficit. Your debts would be but a trifle to her large balance at her banker's."

Monsieur di Loscagno shrugged his shoulders.

"You do not know my aunt. She is fonder of that same balance than she is of me; but well she may be, for, whereas I have only been her nephew for a few years her fortune is a matter of ancient history. The sum total of what you call my deficit would require a handsome row of figures to express it with veracity. I am no longer in the heyday of youth, nor have I ever been in that position of petted child, which palliates, if it does not quite justify, a little exuberance in expenditure. I think the result of an appeal such as you suggest, would be that my aunt would cut me off with ten cents. No, my dear Armitage, I prefer to pin my faith on you, and hew my fortune out of the quarry, or to put my neck into a certain matrimonial noose, which was dangled before my unwilling eyes. Ay di me! these worries are enough to kill a man."

"I doubt it," replied Mr. Armitage, "and I speak as a connoisseur in such matters. During the last ten years, I have survived several pecuniary crises, and I have not the sweet assurance which ought to buoy you up—that some day I shall be a millionaire."

"A remote contingency, my good friend, and one which involves its own share of present disagreeable. All the millions of a Rothschild could hardly compensate for the ennui of these long duty-visits in this dull spot. I wonder why the late respected father of Madame did not build his villa at Nice."

"Nice," remarked Mr. Armitage, "is, as you well know, a costly and seductive place; be thankful that you can vegetate and economise in a retirement so pleasant as this."

"Armitage, you are in a didactic mood; it doesn't suit you, and it bores me. I am going into the house, to be introduced to your daughter and to drink her welcome in a cup of tea."

In the meantime, Ursula, after a hasty letter home, had rejoined the Baroness.

"If I have kept the teapot waiting, Madame," she said, "you must pardon me, I have been writing to my mother. One's first impressions pass away so quickly and later ones are always more difficult to describe."

The Baroness patted her hand.

"I hope," she said, "that your first record is a pleasant one."

"It is perfectly delicious," replied Ursula, sitting down beside the old lady; "I have told mother that I have arrived in fairyland."

The Madame smiled.

"If all your first impressions are as en-

thusiastic, no wonder they are not durable. I fear the day will come when your mother will receive another picture, considerably toned down."

"They will tone this one down for themselves," said Ursula, with a pretty little pout. "Mother did not want me to leave home, and Felix was perfectly odious about it."

"And who is Felix? and what right has he to make himself odious about your coming to me?"

"He has no right at all, I assure you," replied the girl, emphatically; "he considers himself privileged because he has lived with us since before I was born; he has been a kind of brother to me. I have no other brother."

"Brothers of that kind sometimes claim more than brotherly privileges."

"Oh, the reason Felix was vexed at my coming here was that he wanted me to study music and make a profession of it. He is a musician, you know; he is very clever; but he is so critical and hard to please that he frightened me."

"Felix," said the Baroness. "You do not know how many associations the name spoken by English lips calls up for me."

"Have you, then, some great friend named Felix?"

A strange, pathetic shadow fell on the old lady's face.

"I once had a dear little baby named Felix," she said.

"A baby!" repeated Ursula. "He must have been an extraordinary baby for you to look so grave about him. Ah, forgive me, I ought to have guessed he was your child, and you lost him."

"Yes," said Madame, "and I am a silly old woman to have spoken of him again. It is long since I did so, because the older I grow the more I seem to want him."

Then she bent down and gave Ursula a kiss.

"It is a good omen for us both that you have brought me to speak of my little lost boy."

"It is very odd," said Ursula, "that it should have been Felix's name which was the beginning of the good omen. I should have expected it—considering all things—to have had a contrary effect."

Just then Mr. Armitage entered, followed by the Baron.

"Ah!" said the Baroness, "here is my nephew. Now we must leave off being sentimental and become commonplace."

"Madame!" said Monsieur di Loscagno, "I call that a most depreciating manner of presenting me to Mademoiselle. Fortunately, we have already commenced our acquaintance in a manner decidedly not commonplace."

The Madame looked interrogatively from one to the other.

"I heard Monsieur singing on the terrace," explained Ursula. "I had no idea who it was, but it was such a beautiful song that I tried to sing it myself when he finished. Ah, Monsieur," she added, impulsively, "what a beautiful voice you have! It seemed as if one of the old troubadours was singing."

"I felt rather like a troubadour," replied the Baron, "when you answered me from your window."

His eyes met hers for a moment. They were just such eyes as Ursula had pictured to herself while he was singing—large, dark, and full of soft power whose spell seized upon her at once.

Whether she loved him that moment, or whether her love came afterwards, she never knew; but of this she was certain at once—that she should love him with all the love she could give.

"You are incorrigible, Rene," said the Baroness, tapping her nephew on the arm with her fan. "And you, my dear, if you encourage him to pose as a troubadour, will soon find his rendering of the character a little ennuyeux."

"Mademoiselle," said Monsieur di Loscagno, with mock gravity, "must form her own opinion. I trust you will not bias her mind; her appreciation of our national melodies does great honor to her taste. I hope," he continued, turning to Ursula, "that you will allow me to teach you the rest of the lay which you have already begun to learn."

"I see," said the Baroness, "that Monsieur Felix need not fear for his pupil's musical education. It will not be neglected just at present. And now, my dear Mademoiselle, will you come with me for a walk up the hill, before the sun sets?"

"Armitage," said the Baron, as the ladies left the room, "your daughter is perfectly charming; now, while my aunt tries to convince her of my incompetency as a singing-master, will you allow me to ask you if, in case I should venture to tell her, in the course of her lessons, how charming I find her, I should be infringing the privileges of this Monsieur Felix, whose name, I could not help seeing, brought a most becoming blush to her cheek?"

"Certainly not, my dear fellow; but take care that you do not share the fate of Monsieur Felix, who, poor lad, has scorched his wings in the candle."

CHAPTER III.

BUT when Mr. Armitage, after a leisurely journey, reached home, he found Felix in a mood quite the reverse of resigned to his fate, and Mrs. Armitage still less inclined to accept matters as her liege lord had arranged them.

"The house is almost unbearable without Ursula," she complained bitterly. "I cannot reconcile myself to the loss of the child. Each day I feel it more keenly."

"My dear," remonstrated Mr. Armitage, "I have always looked upon you as an admirably strong-minded personage, and as a mother the reverse of selfish; and here I find you lapsing into useless sentiment, just as the weakest of your sex might do, and showing at the same time an utter disregard of Ursula's real interests."

"I won't defend the weakness of my heart," replied Mrs. Armitage, a little contemptuously. "People who have no hearts themselves are apt to judge sentiment wrongly; but what I do want you to understand is this—that I do not consider you have acted for Ursula's advantage. She is frittering away a permanent good for a little superficial and temporary profit, and what is considerably worse, she is behaving very heartlessly to Felix."

"To Felix!" repeated Mr. Armitage, incredulously. "Why, my dear Nan, you do not mean to say you consider Felix wronged because that childish nonsense of three years ago has been suffered to die a natural death?"

"It was not nonsense on Felix's part," rejoined Mrs. Armitage, warmly. "He was in deep earnest; he behaved very honorably in the matter, too, and I cannot bear to think that the only result for him will be suffering and bitterness. Ursula ——"

"Now, Nan," interrupted Mr. Armitage, "do not blame Ursula. If she has outgrown her fancy for Felix I must candidly confess I am glad to hear it. I may be a bit of a Bohemian; but I still have enough backbone of my family pride left to refuse to give my only daughter to the son of Felix Martin's father, whom I think I may truthfully call one of the most finished scamps it was ever my privilege to foregather with."

"And is that Felix's fault?"

"No, my dear, it is not his fault; but it is his irremediable misfortune. I have the honor to know that you do not hold my opinion in any great esteem; but you cannot gainsay the truth of the saying, 'The sins of the fathers,' etc. Of course Felix is a good lad himself. You have brought him up carefully; that, however, does not clear up the cloud of mystery and disreputableness which clings about his origin. Why could not Martain, when he knew he was on his death-bed, have given some clue to his belongings instead of leaving his child penniless on promiscuous charity?"

"I know," rejoined Mrs. Armitage, "that you have never ceased to upbraid him with what was perhaps an unintentional omission at the last."

"He should not have left the matter to the last. He was ready enough during the time our acquaintance with him lasted, to make all sorts of confidences to you. You know we had to leave Homburg because his openly-paraded devotion placed me in in such a ridiculous position. Mind, I did not blame you; you know I never suspected that you encouraged his folly; but I have no doubt others were less charitable when, stricken down by fever, he telegraphed for you, and you hastened back to him, stood by his death-bed, and accepted his charge to burden yourself with his delicate pauper child. Indeed, Nan, easy-going husband as I am, I do not think any one can be surprised that I did not open my arms to the boy."

Mrs. Armitage smiled. It was no new thing to her to hear this story repeated, to hear her husband sum up the evidence in favor of his dislike to Felix.

"Now you had better go on," she said, "and try to recall all that my adopted son has done for me: his patient, self-denying life, his unwearying kindness; and, perhaps, at the end we may conclude that the little pauper whose father left him friendless in a foreign hotel is our creditor and not our debtor. Moreover, I am morally certain that it is by your carefully-directed influence, from your continued hints and innuendoes, that Ursula—who looks up to you as her model—has turned with contempt from the honestest love which will ever be offered to her, and taken back the love which she herself once gave so freely; when I think of this, I wonder you can say that the sins of the fathers shall be visited on the children, without feeling that where you have sown she will some day reap."

"Oho!" cried Mr. Armitage; "my paternal prudence is a capital crime, is it? Well, Nan, if your weakness for Felix so far blinds you, I must forgive you, I suppose; but please understand me when I say the final word concerning Ursula's future will be said by me, and that final word will never—mind never—be in favor of your adopted son."

In the meantime, Ursula, quite unaware of these stormy discussions respecting her future, was leaving her past behind her with a rapidity at which she herself was astonished.

Already across the great gulf which separated her from it, her former life looked dim and strange. There had been a day, she knew—a long series of days—when she had practised crabbed music with diligent, weary fingers, in a dingy room, when her highest hope had been to emerge from the chrysalis state of study into a well instructed musician.

But those days were over now; she scarcely regretted them. Sometimes, even, she reviewed them in comparison with her present, and she felt a sense of relief. In the new atmosphere to which she had so quickly become acclimatised, she felt herself to be a new person. Something of this she said one day to Monsieur di Loscagno; for one of the pleasantest novelties of her actual life was Monsieur di Loscagno's ready sympathy for whatever she was pleased to say to him whenever occasion offered.

The present occasion was favorable to friendly confidences. It was evening, and the light of the sunset was fading behind the long slopes of the Paradis; the last violets and the first orange-blossoms were pouring out their scent through the garden where Rene had joined Ursula.

"And why should you not be a new person?" he answered. "If your Shakespeare is right in saying: 'All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players,' why should you be a different person here from anything you have ever been before? The accessories, the environment, as the philosophers say, have all changed. You adapt yourself to circumstances. That is all very good and natural so long as you do not wish you were playing the old part on the former stage."

And then Monsieur di Loscagno stopped in his walk and his talk, and looked into Ursula's eyes; a proceeding which translated any answer she might have been prepared to give into the somewhat ambiguous form of a soft blush and a tremulous motion of the lips.

"Tell me," he continued, "if feeling that you are a new person makes you at all unhappy?"

"Unhappy!" repeated Ursula. "Do I not look as if I were happy?"

"You look all that is charming and sweet; but I want to hear you say what you feel. No, we won't turn back; let us go a little way up the hill, and then you can tell me if you are really happy here."

"I am very happy," replied Ursula, softly.

"But you were happy, also, before you came to us, so I don't think that confession is full enough. Will you not say that you are happier here than you have ever been? Don't you see, my child, I am jealous, jealous of those old days when I did not know you. I should like to do away with them; I want here and now to be all that you care about—all your world."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

KEPT HIS WORD.—A despatch from Charleston, W. Va., says: Mrs. Mary Pierson, of this county, has just received a large pension, which recalls an unusual tragedy not noted at the time and almost forgotten since. At the breaking out of the war her husband was an ardent Southerner. She favored the Union, as did her children. Finally the eldest son, Harvey, joined the Union army. His angry father swore he would kill the first Yankee soldier he saw. In 1861 a squad of 18 Union soldiers stopped in front of his house. The lieutenant, not thinking of danger, climbed upon the fence and sat down. Pierson shot him dead. In revenge the soldiers killed Pierson and three of his children. The son Harvey was killed in battle. The mother with several children, has lived in poverty until now. She is 75 years old.

THE less we parade our misfortunes the more sympathy we command.

Scientific and Useful.

ARTIFICIAL BOARDS.—A Swiss inventor has perfected a method of making artificial boards, and is advocating their use in building. They are made of a mixture of plaster of Paris and reeds pressed into shape by hydraulic process. The material has the advantage of incombustibility and lightness, and will resist the warping action of atmospheric changes.

LETTERS.—The new letter box, selected by the Government from among one hundred and forty designs submitted, has a slot that is not visible until a knob is pulled down. The letter falls upon the tray, and on releasing the knob the tray drops, and the letter is secure. While the slot is open the tray protects the letters previously dropped in the box. The new boxes will be substituted for those now in use as rapidly as the latter become damaged.

OVER THE CHANNEL.—A "postal tube," to connect with Calais, over the English Channel, is being discussed in England. The plan is to suspend two tubes of about a yard each in diameter, by means of steel cables, across the Channel forty yards above the level of the sea. The steel cables will be fixed to pillars at distances of about eight hundred yards, and in each tube a little railway will run with cars capable of carrying four hundred and fifty pounds in weight. No parcel of greater weight than this will be taken, and the cost is estimated at $5,000,000.

HOW TO PREVENT SORE FEET.—A German physician recommends to military men, travelers, sportsmen, etc., a grease for boots which is said to completely prevent sore feet, and so protect pedestrians from the whole train of familiar affections caused by that minor accident. The ointment is made of four parts of lard, four parts of olive-oil, and one part of caoutchouc—raw rubber—which are melted together on a slow fire. Having moistened the sole of the boot with water, the inventor warms the boot in a stove, or before a fire, and then smears it over with the compound. The boot is said to become soft, pliable, shiny, waterproof, and even more durable.

Farm and Garden.

WILLOWS.—Willows along the banks of a stream greatly aid in protecting the soil from washing should floods occur. Willows are easily grown from cuttings.

THE HORSE.—Whenever the shoulders of a work-horse are galled the harness should be examined to remove the cause. A horse in such condition should not be made to work until a cure is made.

BARBED WIRE.—If barbed wire is used to confine hogs it need not be very high. The bottom wire should be about four inches from the ground, and the next wire ten inches above it. If sheep are inclosed the strands should be six inches apart for three feet from the ground, as it requires a close wire fence to confine sheep.

FOR BEDDING.—Cut-straw as bedding for sheep keeps the dirt out of the wool, and affords a dry place for the sheep at night. As the fall-rains approach, and the weather remains damp, sheep easily take cold, which is accompanied with discharges at the nostrils. Dry shelter and bedding will greatly assist in warding off this difficulty.

THE MILK.—Be sure to take from the udder every drop of milk that the cow gives. Nature responds to demand. If you do not demand the milk she will shrink the mess accordingly. She will not work for nothing. Call on her for every drop, and she will keep up the flow. She is generous to our needs when rationally manifested, but quick to take advantage of our neglect. Milk clean.

ROOT CROPS.—Root crops should be well dried before being stored. Mounds outside should be made water-tight, but a wisp of straw should be inserted to permit of ventilation. Roots are seldom injured by cold if properly protected, but too much warmth will immediately damage them. When a mound is frozen on the surface there is then but little danger of injury if the roots are well covered.

BAD MANAGEMENT.—The vices of cows are often the result of bad management. A heifer may be trained to become a gentle cow, or she may be refractory. Milking is a relief and a pleasure to cows that fill their udders quickly, and they will not offer resistance to the milker, but if the milking is done in a rough manner, or the cow is kept in a condition of excitement, the work is retarded. The proper milking of the cow is as important as any other work in dairying.

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The Best of Life.

That is a very just point of view from which a man is appraised by his fellows, and which is necessarily the external point of view.

But it should not be forgotten that there is another equally just point of view, from which he should regard himself and try to recognize his own value.

From the former point he may be measured with tolerable ease. But to know what he truly is—that, indeed, is by no means so easy to the individual, while it is almost impossible to his critics.

And it is on all hands very evident to us, from the low standard of mental pleasure with which men are satisfied, that they form a very erroneous estimate of their capacity for higher enjoyments.

Men are apt to think unduly well of some of their capabilities, and it is not unnatural in such cases that they should think unduly ill, or not at all, of others.

It behooves a man who wishes to get the most happiness out of life, to appreciate himself, both with regard to his faculty for the higher pleasures, and for his actual and potential significance in the world.

And if, with a sober mind, he pursues this train of thought, he will quickly come to feel that the greatest masters lived, thought and sang for him.

If a man be accomplished in the sense of poetry, whether expressed in music, art or literature, he will be the better able to distinguish between apparent realities and real ones.

Thus his liability to disappointment will be diminished by the concentration of his desires upon that which is in his own power, and his independence of soul be increased, for he will feel that none of "the whips and scorns of time, the oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely," can interfere with the enjoyments which the excursions of the mind through the fields of literature and art can afford him.

He can retire at the end of every day's labor from all the sordid vulgarities and pettiness which he may be compelled to endure, to a Palace Beautiful, and by converse with the grand and lovely spirits of the past be enabled to utterly forget the mean and despicable ones of the present.

There is nothing new in all this. It is the faint echo of a very old philosophy. Yet it ought to be remembered that even a truism is not necessarily a sufficiently comprehended truth.

Familiarity with a phrase is one thing; the realization of the truth which it expresses is quite another thing.

An æsthetic movement, which was speedily damned by its own extravagances, was set on foot a few years ago. Its evangel was the culture of the beautiful. Yet this old idea, which if advocated in any form of words would appear disgustingly trite, came with the force of the maddest of novelties when the attempt was made to apply it in some concrete form to the actual surroundings of men.

And if the eccentricities of the æsthetic school partially explain the astonishment with which their gospel was at first received, they also prove how signally the preachers themselves failed to grasp the significance of the old doctrine.

It is not so much by the machinery of "schools" and "cults" and "movements," and reading society "culture" competitions, as by the silent, gradual influence of a better home-education, and a diffusion of higher literature among the higher and middle classes, that this sense of the reality of poetry and literature can be created and sustained.

As the feeling prevails, its influence will extend through all the intricacies of life. Men will become more solicitous to enjoy their lives, and less anxious to increase their fortunes as they become capable of the most enduring pleasures, and find them the least expensive.

We must not expect philosophy to produce with one stroke of the pen the converse effect to that which the painter produced when he converted a smiling child into a weeping one with one stroke of his brush.

It is sufficient if she converts the soul's deep mourning garb into half mourning.

And though this cultivation of our faculties for delight in poetry and beauty everywhere—in pleasant green fields and shining rivers; in happy faces; in the mighty harmonies and tender strains of music; in the loveliness and grandeur, varied as human nature, of literature, with all its accompaniments of laughter and tears—though this culture cannot divest us of our human liability to the burden and heat of these feverish days, it can, at any rate, for every evening time, provide "a bower quiet for us, and a sleep full of sweet dreams and health and quiet breathing."

To be successful nothing should daunt us. If we persevere, determined to succeed, we shall be continually finding help and assistance when we least expect it. When all our efforts fail, and we are sunk to the very brink of despair, Providence steps in and bids us hope again. Another secret of success is the proper appreciation of the value of time. Samuel Johnson tells us: "He that hopes to look back hereafter with satisfaction upon past years, must learn to know the present value of single moments and endeavor to let no particle of time fall useless to the ground." A learned gentleman who had to wait at a railway station for a train, was heard to exclaim: "Ten minutes lost forever!" Here is one of the greatest secrets—we had almost said the secret of success—time waits for no man; therefore, every moment should be seized upon with profit. Often, whilst contemplating an action, men will say: "I must do this, or that, when I have time." But the time never comes, unless they are determined to find it; for there is nothing in life that men could not find an excuse for neglecting were they not compelled by necessity to find the time to do it.

Of course nobody ever heard of a physician prescribing mirth as a medicine, yet we strongly doubt whether there is a doctor's drug extant that has greater curative properties. Mirth and disease are sworn foes, and when one of them makes its appearance it is a sure sign that the other is preparing for its departure. If a sick man can be induced to indulge in a laugh there is hope for him, and if his laughter is hearty it may be taken for granted that his illness is on the wane. All experienced nurses agree that cheerfulness is the best thing that can be brought into an invalid's chamber, and they are right; but if mirth can be introduced and the patient made to share in it, cheerfulness becomes a permanent resident and not a mere chance visitor.

All men have at length discovered that the history of mankind means something, and are naturally intent on learning what it means. No one now regards it as a mere demon's phantasmagoria, significant of nothing but Adam's sin in Paradise. However differing on other points, we all now perceive that the history of the mind of man is a more interior history of the universe; that it must be studied in the most earnest and reverential spirit of science; that what astronomy seeks to do in the heavens, and geology on the earth, must be done in the realms of mind itself, and that till we have found our Copernicus and Newton of the human soul, modern science lingers in the porch and does not find access to the temple.

Probably nothing tires one so much as feeling hurried. When, in the early morning, the day's affairs press themselves on one's attention beforehand, and there comes the wonder how in the world everything is to be accomplished—when every interruption is received impatiently and the clock is watched in distress as the moments flit past—then the mind tires the body. We are wrong to drive ourselves with whip and spur in this way. Each of us is promised strength for the day, and we must not wear ourselves out. If only we can keep cool and calm we shall be less wearied when we reach the eventide. The children may be fractious, the servants trying, the friend we love may fail to visit us, the letter we expected may not arrive; but if we can preserve our tranquility of soul and demeanor we shall get through all right.

Burying the mind under a heap of ready made generalizations may give a conceit of knowledge and make a first-class sciolist, but it can never give the "power" promised in the aphorism, as the equivalent of "knowledge." When Montaigne said he would rather forge his mind than furnish it, he suggested the two principles of education. The problem is not to fill the mind from without, but to give the most efficient aid to its efforts from within.

Man is not the creature, but the architect of circumstances. It is character which builds an existence out of circumstances. Our strength is measured by our plastic power; from the same materials one man builds palaces, another hovels; bricks and mortar are bricks and mortar until the architect can make something else.

Nobody likes to be nobody; but everybody is pleased to think himself somebody. And everybody is somebody; but when anybody thinks himself to be somebody, he generally thinks everybody else to be nobody.

The tenderness of conscience is too often overmatched by the sharpness of want; and principle, like charity, yields with just reluctance enough to excuse itself. There is a powerful rhetoric in necessity.

The hope of the hypocrite is like a spider's web. Like the spider, the hypocrite weaves his web, his hope, out of his own bowels. It is the creature of his fancy, spun from the materials of self-righteousness.

It is very painful to be misunderstood and undervalued by those we love. But this, too, in our life we must learn to bear without a murmur, for it is a tale often repeated.

Every man thinks that Cæsar's wife ought to be above suspicion, but he is far less particular as to what Cæsar himself ought to be.

Prefer sense to wit; never seek to be diverting without being useful; let no jest intrude upon good manners.

Excess of ceremony was always the companion of weak minds; it is a plant that will never grow in a strong soil.

To work out our own contentment, we should labor not so much to increase our substance, as to moderate our desires.

If all those who obtain not their desires should die of disappointment, who would be living upon the earth?

Nothing makes one so indifferent to the pin and mosquito thrusts of life as the consciousness of growing better.

We pass our lives in regretting the past, complaining of the present, and indulging false hopes of the future.

The World's Happenings.

Thomas A. Edison rarely sleeps more than four hours a day.

Cornelius Vanderbilt is worth $5 to any barber who shaves him.

Le Roy de Koven, a Chicagoan, has a dairy in Florence, Italy.

Leeches are more used than they were 10 years ago, a barber says.

The Czar's new vestibule train is corklined, in case of bullets or anything.

Each cell in a North Indiana penitentiary is to be lighted by electricity.

Five thousand dollars is the value of an orchid in Jay Gould's conservatory.

A stone mansion built in 1650 on a farm near Greenbush, N. Y., still stands.

The telephones throughout France have been taken possession of by the State.

Thieves at Franklin, Neb., carried off the 1300-pound hammer of a pile driver.

A wealthy young Chicagoan was married last week after a courtship of just 30 hours.

A plain gold ring was found by a Washington, N. C., man imbedded in a large block of ice.

A condemned criminal in England must be allowed to see three Sundays between his sentence and his execution.

House servants cannot be had in Pueblo, Col., for less than $30 or $35 a month, and they are scarce at that figure.

A New York detective says that there are at least two houses in New York which supply regular burglars' tools.

A recluse, near London, has for years kept his coffin under his bed. He also has his tombstone, duly inscribed, on hand.

Mr. Edison has been granted 493 patents on his inventions, and has over 300 applications pending. Most of these are electrical devices.

A liquor officer, in searching a house in Boston, found behind a large picture an opening in the wall which concealed 50 bottles of lager beer.

It is calculated that 80,000 Americans visited Europe the past summer. If they each spent $500 abroad, they will have left $40,000,000 in Europe.

The chief footman of the Prince of Wales has been fined by a magistrate for keeping a footman of his own without paying the required license.

On a farm at Unadilla, Mich., war broke out between the bees and the turkeys, and 17 of the latter were stung to death before the cessation of hostilities.

Advertisements in London journals indicate that the purchase of cast-off court suits, artificial teeth, etc., "for export," is quite a considerable business.

A lawyer, while arguing a case in a Louisville court, was attacked with rheumatism of the heart, and calling out, "What, am I dead?" fell lifeless to the floor.

"If you ever drop your watch in the water," said a jeweler, "hasten to throw it into a cup of alcohol or whisky. That will prevent the works from rusting."

Mr. W. H. Cross, of Maroa, Ill., issues this: "I'll challenge any man in the world to sleep with me 168 hours for cash. I can sleep more hours in 168 than any man in the world."

John I. Blair, of Blairstown, N. J., frankly says that he does not know how much he is worth. His lowest estimate of his wealth is forty million dollars—his highest, sixty millions.

On a wager, a Morristown, N. J., backman ate in 11 minutes a blue fish, weighing over five pounds, and two loaves of bread. He also drank a bottle of beer and nearly two quarts of water.

A Chinese doctor in San Francisco is said to enjoy an income from the practice of his profession of $8000 per month. He has been in America nearly 20 years, and many Caucasians are among his patients.

The Pittsburg papers speak of a roll of paper among the exhibits at the Exposition there as the largest one ever made. It is 32 inches wide, 14 miles long, weighs 2632 pounds, and is without a break of any kind.

A French statistician makes out that "there is room for 115,000,000 people more in Europe, 1,326,000,000 more in Africa, 1,402,000,000 more in Asia, 515,000,000 more in Oceanica, and 2,000,000,000 more in North and South America."

A valuable horse, having been closely clipped, was so pestered by fly-stings in a Buffalo pasture, not long ago, that he deliberately sprang in the air, came down on a sharp picket fence, and then bled to death, without an effort to get free.

A bill making it illegal for any one to let or sell houses unless a certificate furnished by a Government Inspector is produced, showing that the premises are in a perfectly sanitary condition, has been introduced in the British House of Commons.

A miserly farmer, of Napoli, N. Y., who hid his wealth in rat holes, old chimneys, etc., was robbed of $1,000, one night recently, by two men who entered the house during his absence. His aged mother saw the thieves, but thought they were her son and a hired hand.

A Galena, Ill., correspondent sends out a story that a boy near there, who had been charmed by a snake, afterwards laid three eggs, each bearing an almost exact representation in miniature of the reptile. For several days, it is told, the "curios" were on exhibition in a drug store at Galena, and hundreds of people viewed them.

While a French girl was playing with a rope about her neck, on a recent afternoon, in Lake Village, N. H., the building was struck by lightning, and, as the story goes, the rope was destroyed by the electric current, but the child escaped uninjured. A month before, it is added, the same girl was struck and thrown into a ditch by the locomotive of an express train, but was not hurt.

A TENDER MEMORY.

BY M. S. R.

A little footstep pattering on the floor,
A golden head laid gently on my knee;
A shadow darkening all the earth and sky,
And life is sad and desolate to me.

Sweet lips half parted in a peaceful smile;
The light of God upon that baby brow;
A hush upon the tiny waxen face—
Our darling's but a tender mem'ry now.

In later years her footsteps might have turned
Aside from paths that point the heavenly gate;
Perchance she might have heard the awful words:
"You cannot enter now—too late, too late!"

And, now? Ah, yes! our darling calmly sleeps;
Earth holds for her no hope, nor grief, nor loss,
Another life has gained the pardon won
With such deep pain upon the bitter cross.

Our Lady-Help.

BY A. G. R.

"ALFRED, please do attend to what I am saying," my wife began, in that tone of scarcely suppressed irritability which, in the early hours of the day, seems to come so naturally to married ladies. "Charlie is really too old to be left with Margery any longer. The child will be seven to-morrow; we must make some change."

We were sitting at breakfast. It was the twenty-first of March. I remember the date well, for, when my wife addressed me, I had in my hand the publisher's account for bringing out my little volume of poems, and its amount had proved a shock to my feelings.

"Certainly, dear, I think you are right," I replied, my thoughts still fixed upon the bill.

"He has quite caught Margery's atrocious accent. Alfred, what is the use of my talking to you?"

"My dear Arabella, I am listening to every word you say"—"Margery's accent" had revealed to me that Mrs. Fortescue was going through one of her periodic panics concerning the ignorance of her youngest child—"the boy should have a governess."

"How can you be so thoughtless? Really, Alfred, any one would think, to hear you talk, that you had no natural feeling. You know Dr. Ronston-Rouston says that it would be positively dangerous for the dear boy to touch a book for the next two years at least."

"Why on earth, then, are you worrying about him? The little fellow is all right with Margery."

At this I was overwhelmed with reproaches. I was told that I neglected my child shamefully; that it was well for him he had a mother to take care of him, and many another of those home truths which it seems the fate of good-tempered, easy-going men to have cast at them.

The upshot of the matter was that my wife declared her intention of having a lady-help.

I was amused at the idea—the word seemed to suggest such a queer anomaly—but I did not object. The question concerned Charlie much more than me, I thought.

"Yes, that might be a solution of the difficulty; only, for mercy's sake, Arabella, do let her be decently good-looking. Your new housemaid is too ghastly. Jenkins almost choked with laughter when he saw her the other night."

That was all I said, not a word more; and yet to this day it is commonly believed in our family circle, not only that it was I who wished to engage a lady-help, but also that I insisted upon her being young and beautiful!

I had heard nothing more of the affair for some days when, returning one evening from the office, my wife greeted me with a radiant smile.

"Alfred, I have been so fortunate! Annie Lascelles called this afternoon, and she knows of the very thing we want. She is the daughter of a curate down in Devonshire, and is just as good and sweet as she can be. She is little more than a child herself, so she will be a delightful companion for Charlie."

At first, I had felt rather mystified as to what "the very thing that was the daughter of a curate" might be; but, at the allusion to Charlie, it dawned upon me: of course, it was the lady-help again.

And, sure enough, one morning, about a week later, I found a tall, delicate-looking girl sitting at the breakfast-table.

She gave me a shy, timid little bow, and seemed rather frightened when I shook hands with her.

"She is really not bad-looking," I remember thinking to myself, "in fact, if she were less white and trembling, she would be almost pretty."

Her features were delicate and refined, and her small, well-shaped head was covered with a perfect wealth of silky, blue-black curls, cut short like a boy's.

Still, she was certainly not attractive; she never raised her eyes from the table, and seemed so manifestly ill at ease, that it gave me quite an uncomfortable sensation to look at her.

In these early days, I saw very little of our lady-help, for we had a new head in our department at the office, who was making our lives a burden, so I was rarely at home.

One afternoon, however, I managed to get off a little earlier than usual, and walked across that rather desolate part of Kensington Gardens that lies between the Round Pond and Birdcage Walk.

I was walking along on the soft, smooth grass, when suddenly some one from behind a tree almost sprang into my arms.

She—for it was a lady—came with such velocity, that it was by the merest chance in the world we did not both fall to the ground.

As a simple measure of precaution, I was obliged to support her.

For one moment she lay in my arms, panting and breathless; and as I looked down into her face, I thought I had never seen a more lovely creature. What eyes! What a color!

I did not know her in the least, and yet in some indefinable way she recalled a face that I had seen, though I could not have said where or when.

At that moment Charlie's shrill, childish voice rang through the air:

"Papa, papa, I say, that isn't fair. You have just spoilt the game. How could Lily run when you stood in her way?"

It flashed into my mind that Miss Lillian Bollitho was the name of our lady-help!

But who in this nymph, with dishevelled hair, flushed cheeks, and eyes flashing with life and gaiety, would ever have recognized the pale, die-away creature whom I was accustomed to see at breakfast!

Whether Miss Bollitho found me less formidable than my wife, I cannot say; but certainly, now that I was alone, her manner showed none of that painful nervousness that usually characterized her.

She was still very shy, but not awkwardly so; on the contrary, there was something rather taking in the way she would raise her great, brown eyes for one moment to my face, and then let them fall, as if startled at their own audacity.

I walked home with her, Charlie gambolling on in front. Just as we were coming out of the Park Gate we met Frank Bristowe, my wife's rather disreputable brother-in-law, and I was considerably annoyed at the look of undisguised amusement he cast at us in passing.

My wife and I had arranged to go to the theatre that evening; but, at about six o'clock, we had a note from my sister who was to have accompanied us, begging us to use her ticket, as she could not.

I suggested that we should take Miss Bollitho with us. My wife caught at the idea.

"The very thing. I have been wishing I could give the poor child a little pleasure; but I didn't like to suggest it as I knew you disliked her, though I don't know how you can, for she is so good to Charlie. You won't mind her dining with us just for once?"

When Miss Bollitho came down dressed for the theatre she really was a perfect little picture, so quaint and pretty did she look in her queer short-waisted gown, made of some soft silky stuff covered with birds and flowers, evidently an old family relic.

Her pretty, girlish neck was uncovered, and she wore white-silk spider-web mittens, such as were in fashion some hundred years ago.

Her cheeks were flushed, and her eyes were sparkling with subdued excitement, as if she felt the gods were favoring her more than she deserved.

My wife looked at her with real, honest pleasure in her eyes.

"How can you think that girl plain?" she said to me when we were alone for a moment.

This was in allusion to a remark of mine the day I first saw our young lady-help.

"I never shall understand what you men admire in a woman. I think she is perfectly lovely."

So did I, but I had not the time to confess it; so did a good many other people in the Lyceum that night.

As I noted the glances of admiration that were cast at her, I really felt proud of my beautiful young charge; and, no doubt, my manner to her was just a trifle warm, although, of course, only in fatherly sort of way.

Mrs. Fortescue must have noticed this, I think, for she seemed slightly annoyed; but she said nothing, unless, indeed, her rather tart remark about the grayness of my moustache had some bearing on the point.

Now it so happened that my wife took cold that night, and was laid up with a swollen face and inflammation of the glands.

Miss Bollitho and myself were therefore in some degree thrown upon each other for companionship.

She made breakfast for me, and now that she had lost her white, scared look, she, and the great urn behind which she sat, made a very pretty picture.

She always made my coffee exactly to my taste. No matter how late I might be, I always found hot rolls and cutlets waiting.

In a word, she showered down upon me all those little acts of kindly courtesy which it is so pleasant to receive from the hands of a lady.

In our early married days my wife had done the same; but that was before children appeared upon the scene.

I will confess that I soon began really to like our lady-help. I liked her quaint, old-fashioned ways, her little friendly attentions; and why the deuce should I not have liked them?

A man of forty—my wife takes care that I do not forget my age; it is the same as hers—may surely like a pretty little thing young enough to be his daughter. Why, if Frank, our eldest boy, had lived, he would have been almost as old as Lily!

Under the gentle influence of our lady-help, breakfast became really a pleasant meal. We all chatted together, and Charlie's odd reflections furnished an inexhaustible subject for laughter.

One morning when I, as usual, went up to see my wife before starting for the office, I found her more glum than ever. Instead of replying to my greeting, she inquired, in a sepulchral tone, what there was in the paper.

As she spoke, I suddenly remembered that I had never looked into it. I had, however, just presence of mind enough not to confess the fact, for my reading at breakfast was one of my wife's standing grievances, and I would not for the world have let her know that I had not being doing it of late.

"Margery, please go and fetch the paper Mr. Fortescue has left in the breakfast-room."

Like lightning it shot through my mind that the paper was probably uncut, just as it had been left at the door.

"I am afraid I must go."

I began preparing to beat a hasty retreat.

"Alfred, may I beg that you will favor me with your company for a few minutes? I will not detain you long."

"Favor!" "Detain!" This looked serious.

Margery brought the paper evidently untouched. Not a word. One glance from the paper to my face was all Mrs. Fortescue vouchsafed.

I felt most uncomfortable; but decided that it would be too undignified to offer an explanation, even if I had had one ready.

"Breakfast is quite a gay meal now," my wife continued, always in the same sepulchral tone. What a fool I was to have forgotten she was just over the breakfast-room! "I am afraid I must be a sad wet blanket, for there are no such bursts of merriment when I am there. I suppose that is why you used to read the 'Times'?"

The pause that ensued was terrible.

"Alfred, I don't like to give the servants unnecessary trouble. Is there any use in their putting a fire in the smoking-room now that you spend your evenings in the schoolroom?"

"What are you driving at, Arabella?"

"Oh, nothing. Of course the servants will make remarks; but if you don't mind, I am sure I don't."

"Mind what? Do try and speak more plainly. I don't understand a word of what you are saying."

The "Ancient Mariner's" glittering eye was nothing to the orb my wife fixed upon me.

"Arabella, this is really too absurd. Are you making all this fuss because I went into the schoolroom last night to give a book to Lily?"

"Lily!"

Mrs. Fortescue shrieked the name.

"Miss Bollitho, I mean, of course. Charlie always calls her——"

"May I ask whether Miss Bollitho also calls you Alfred?" she inquired in a lofty, indifferent manner.

"Certainly not. It is an insult to the girl to ask the question. I will not listen to such outrageous folly," and I strode away, feeling as if I had scored a point.

How the deuce did my wife know that I had been in the schoolroom the night before? Not that I cared, of course; why should I? It was the simplest accident in the world. The way it happened was this.

The thing I abhor most in the world is sitting for hour after hour with not a soul to speak to. Now, that evening, I had dined alone.

I had been up to Arabella's room, and found it perfectly stifling—the temperature would have given me a fit of apoplexy in five minutes—and as I was wandering up and down the hall, undecided whether to hunt up Jenkins or to go to the club, I noticed that the schoolroom door was a little open. I glanced in.

There was Miss Bollitho—pretty and fresh as a flower—her whole heart and soul fixed upon the book she was reading; and the book was my book, my own little volume of poems!

Seized with an irresistible longing to know which she was reading, I went softly into the room. Ah! it was my special favorite, the poem I loved the best of all, "Parted."

Now, during the eighteen years we had lived together, my one serious cause of complaint against my wife had been that she was always trying to damp my literary aspirations.

As she herself confessed, she had no taste for poetry, and from the day that we were married, she had stoutly refused to read a line of mine.

Once, when I had insisted upon reading "Parted" to her, she had absolutely laughed in the midst of the most pathetic verse.

Tears were standing on Lily's dark lashes. Her confusion at being detected weeping over a love-poem was the prettiest thing imaginable.

I took the book from her hand. What poet would have done less? I read to her some little sonnets, which I considered, perhaps, the best things I had done. Nothing grand, you know, but pathetic; the sort of thing a girl would like.

I remember, now, most of those I read turned on the sorrow of losing those whom we love, and, in the midst of one which described how a young soldier, whilst dying on a battle-field, fancies that his fiancée is by his side, poor Lily—tender-hearted little thing that she is—sobbed aloud. Could I ever doubt again that my poems had the ring of truth?

As I watched the girl's unfeigned emotion; noticed her varying color; the expression of her great, dark eyes changing with every thought; I felt for the first time that I had found one who understood me; felt, too, that I had in me the making of a true poet, and that here was the touch which was to call to life the poetic flame.

A really sympathetic listener is a rara avis; no wonder that was a happy evening. Poor child! she told me she had never spoken to a real poet before; and her wondering gratitude as I read to her was quite touching—her lisping murmurs of admiration, in my ear, delicious.

The hours flew only too quickly, and we were both equally startled when midnight struck.

"I had no idea it was ten o'clock," Lily cried in dismay. "I have had such a happy evening. How shall I thank you?"

And, with the prettiest air of mingled shyness and devotion, she just tipped my fingers with her lips. For the moment I swear I felt the "Immortal" she believed me to be.

I had planned half a dozen such evenings, and here was this absurd folly of my wife's just going to spoil everything.

Our new chief was away that morning, so there was nothing going on in the office, and I tossed off several little things which I could not but feel were better than anything I had written before.

Miss Bollitho's name was a splendid one for rhyming. Lillian, Lillias, Lilla, Lily, why, there was no end to the variations of which it was capable.

One poem that I wrote I determined to give to her. It was, perhaps, a thought tender; but then, after all, she was little more than a child, so it didn't matter.

When I had finished this, I thought of her as I had seen her the night before, listening with rapt attention whilst I read;

and, as the picture rose before my mind, poetic fervor took possession of my soul; a power stronger than myself forced me to write.

I dreamed that I was twenty, and that she—I called her Lily—was mine, my life, my all. It was a passionate love-poem; but what of that? D d not Dante and Petrarca write love-poems to women who were not their wives?

In me, as in them, the poet and the man are distinct; the one adored a lovely vision, the other never wronged his wife even in thought.

That afternoon I again met Miss Bollitho and Charlie. I could not help thinking that she was expecting me, she was so prettily confused when I appeared, and seemed to have something she wished to say to me.

Just as were beginning to talk, that hateful Frank Bristowe joined us. I was thoroughly angry, for the fellow was a cad, and was evidently bent on forcing me to introduce him to Lily.

To put a stop to his impertinence, I proposed that he and I should walk on together. No sooner had we left the other two behind than he turning upon me, roaring with laughter.

"Ah! ah! Mr. Joseph, that is how you pass your time now that your wife is fast in bed, is it? Ah! ah! I saw your little game the other day. It's the best joke in the world. That sweet, confiding way she was looking up into your face was quite touching, whilst as for you——ah! ah! To think of Alfred Fortescue proving a gay Lothario. It was deuced mean of you, though, not to introduce me, for she is an uncommon pretty girl."

My blood boiled. This fellow, who was barely tolerated in the family, to presume to address me in this hail-fellow-well-met fashion, as if he were on terms of equality! It was a gross piece of impertinence, and I told him so. But he only laughed the more.

"Don't be angry, old fellow," he called out, as I strode away. "You should choose a more secluded place for your rendezvous if you mind being seen. Ha, ha! What a joke!"

I had not lost sight of him five minutes, before it flashed across my mind that it was the day my father-in-law entertained all his family at dinner.

I had already declined going, but Bristowe would be sure to be there; and my hair stood on end as I thought of what a picture he might draw of our short encounter.

I dined at my club, and did not return home until every one was in bed. Margery waylaid me as I was going down to breakfast next morning:

"Master Charlie would tell you, sir, when you met him and Miss Bollitho in the Park"—good heavens! did spies dog my steps? —"that missus was very bad yesterday. Really, sir, I was quite afeerd, she suffered so awful, poor dear."

Now I value Margery highly; but really her tone was too impertinent—it seemed to imply that I was in some way responsible for my wife's sufferings.

I strode past her without a word, for I chose that she should see that I was displeased.

Again, during breakfast, Lily seemed to have something on her mind; but, each time she was on the point of speaking, her courage appeared to fail her. I was quite curious to know what she wished to say.

That afternoon Charlie was accompanied, not by Lily, but by old Margery, who chuckled with unconcealed triumph when I met them, as if she read my disappointment on my face.

I could not walk with the boy when that woman was there, so I went home alone. The housemaid told me that Mrs. Fortescue was asleep, and did not wish to be disturbed. And yet I distinctly heard voices coming from her room.

"Well, if she does not wish to see me," I thought, "I will not force myself upon her."

Now I really was not feeling well that day. I think I had had a chill. The fire had gone out in the breakfast-room, and the smoking-room was like a grave.

"There's a nice fire in the schoolroom, sir," the housemaid said, "if you would please wait there until I light this fire."

I was shivering with cold, so, without a moment's thought, I opened the schoolroom door, and, as I did so, I was startled by hearing low, convulsive sobs, as from some one in an agony of grief; they were really heartrending.

"Miss Bollitho—Lily, what is the matter?" I exclaimed, frightened at the intensity of the girl's distress.

She sprang up wildly, and seized my arm.

"Oh, Mr. Fortescue, I was afraid I should not see you! I did so wish to meet you in the Park, and they would not let me come. I thought I should have died."

And she sobbed hysterically, still clinging to my arm.

Had the girl gone mad. I put my arm around her to steady her to the sofa; but before we had advanced one step, a majestic figure thrust me aside, seized the letter, Miss Bollitho was pressing into my hand, and turned and confronted me. It was my mother-in-law.

She must have heard every word that had been said. Lily's shriek of terror, when she saw her letter in the hand of that woman, recalled me to a sense of my duty.

"Mrs. Montgore, that letter is not yours, give it to me at once!" I said, in a voice which I in vain tried to render commanding.

"You villain, I would die first!" she screamed. "As for you, you hussy"—I always had had a suspicion that my mother-in-law, if excited, would be vulgar—"you good-for-nothing——"

I seized her by the arm, and tried to take the letter.

"Help! murder!" she shrieked. "Help! help!"

To this day I do not understand how it happened; but, at that moment, my wife, my father-in-law, my brother Jack, his wife, Bristowe, nay half the relatives I have in the world, burst into the schoolroom.

Mr. Montgore seemed to understand the scene at a glance. He took the letter from his wife's hand, put it into his pocket, ushered us out of the room and locked the door, leaving Miss Bollitho within.

This done, he led the way into the dining-room, sat down at the head of the table, pointed to me to take the chair opposite, begged the others to sit down, reduced his wife to silence—no easy task—and then began, very much in the tone which judges adopt when addressing condemned criminals:

"Alfred Fortescue, I need scarcely tell you that this has come upon us all as a most painful blow; the more painful, perhaps, from being unexpected. I have trusted you, and where I have once trusted, I do not lightly withdraw my trust; therefore, I insist upon a calm and dispassionate investigation of this most painful affair before I can consent to your being treated as one unworthy of being my son-in-law, the husband of my daughter."

At this, Arabelle sobbed aloud; her mother furtively shook her fist; even Jack and his wife looked grave; whilst, as for the others, with the exception of Bristowe, who chuckled, they all simply glowered. But I was too stunned to care. I had the dull, vacant feeling of a dream.

"You are accused of carrying on a vulgar intrigue with a young person who is living under your roof. (May I beg that you will not interrupt me?) You are accused, I repeat, of carrying on a vulgar intrigue with this young person, and the following facts are advanced as proofs of the accusation:

"First.—Systematic neglect of your own wife, notably one evening at the Lyceum.

"Second.—Indulging in jokes and undue familiarity with the said young person during breakfast.

"Third.—Being alone with her, under suspicious circumstances, at an unseemly hour of the night.

"Fourth.—Meeting her by appointment in the Park.

"Fifth.—Carrying on a clandestine correspondence with the same.

"Sixth.—"Allowing her to kiss you."

"I saw it with my own eyes," called out old Margery, whom I now first observed to be amongst the spectators.

"He was clasping her to his arms when I entered the room," cried Mrs. Montgore.

"Silence," said Mr. Montgore, in a commanding voice.

Then, turning to me:

"What have you to say in reply to these charges?"

"The whole thing is an infernal concoction," I replied, by this time thoroughly angry. "A villainous slander, invented by spiteful, jealous old woman, who hate the girl because she is young and pretty."

My wife and her mother sprang to their feet; but Mr. Montgore again reduced them to silence.

"I understand that you deny the charge?"

"Yes, I do. It is an insult to ask the question."

"You do not, I suppose, deny that this letter"—taking out of his pocket the one his wife had seized from Lily"—was intended for you? Do you object to my reading it?"

"The letter is mine, and I refuse to allow you to read it."

"It will be a question for counsel later to decide whether or not the letter can be admitted as evidence; but, in any case, I will make a note of your protest against its being read."

He deliberately broke the seal, read the first lines, and then, looking at me keenly, said:

"You acknowledge that this letter is addressed to you?"

"Yes."

"This simplifies matters considerably. Arabelle, I should recommend your going to your room. No? Very well; perhaps it is as well that you should know the truth at once."

And in his usual metallic, lawyer-like voice, he began to read the letter:

"My own darling, my love! Since my lips last rested on yours."

My brain reeled. What followed I never knew, excepting that it was a wild, fervent love-letter, which no woman could have written excepting under the influence of an all-absorbing passion which she knew to be shared by the man to whom she was writing.

Again and again she thanked me for my love, and swore that, although for the moment all seemed against us, she would yet be mine.

"Love," she said, "is immortal; but those who stand between us will perish."

"Arabelle, that's you. They are plotting to murder you."

This suggestion, of course, came from Mrs. Montgore. My wife had a violent fit of hysterics, her sister Maria shook the poker at me. The whole scene was too unutterably horrible; it haunts me to this day.

It was some time before even Mr. Montgore could restore order. His voice was more cutting than ever as he remarked:

"After reading the letter, I do not wonder at your protest. May I ask if you have received many such letters from this young person?"

I was too stunned to reply. I could only shake my head.

"I remember you always carry a letter-book in your pocket; will you allow me to examine it? I must warn you, however, that you are not bound to incriminate yourself."

Scarcely conscious of what I was doing, I handed him the book. He gave a slight grunt as he turned over the leaves; evidently there was nothing in it of interest. How could ther be, when I only kept it for office-work?

Suddenly he paused, put his hand to his throat, as if threatened with apoplexy, and, for one moment, his feelings as a man overcoming his instincts as a lawyer, he literally gnashed his teeth with rage as he shook some papers in my face.

Then my heart stood still, for I saw that he held in his hand my love-poem—the one written whilst the poetic fervor was upon me.

I could bear no more. I rushed from the room—from the house, Jack following me, clinging to my arm. I tried to shake him off, and wished madly that the Thames were near to put an end to my misery.

"I say, Alf, don't attract a crowd. People think you are mad. No, you shan't shake me off; I shall stick to you, bad lot though you be."

And, partly by persuasion, partly by force, he conveyed me to his home in a carriage.

"Now, Alfred," he said to me, a few hours later, when I had become more calm, "do you mean to say you didn't know the girl cared for you?"

"I—I——" Lily's shy, tender blushes rose before my mind, and, try as I would, I could not stifle a feeling of satisfaction that, in spite of my years, I should have inspired one so young and lovely with so fervent a passion.

"H'm! In that case, the sooner you and I start for Norway, the better," Jack remarked, with an angry grunt.

His wife agreed with him, and it was in vain that I argued and struggled. She, divining why I hesitated, told me she would take care of Miss Bollitho; in fact, would go and fetch her home as soon as we were out of the house.

Four days later we were in Bergen, I, at least, feeling very low and depressed. My wife's face, as I had last seen it, haunted me. I thought of little Charlie, and could have cried.

Even the remembrance of the "grande passion" I had inspired, failed to comfort me.

A letter was brought in. It was from Lottie—Jack's wife.

"Come back at once," she wrote. "What a parcel of geese we have been! Lily Bollitho—whom I have just handed over to her father's keeping—is madly in love with a penniless young officer, to whom she is engaged. That letter was for him; your part was to find out the young man's address at the Horse Guards, as his last letter had fallen into Mr. Bollitho's hands, who had burnt it. Thursday was the day for the mail, hence her excitement. Your wife is so delighted at this discovery, that she seems to have forgotten all about the poems. Come at once."

I was relieved, but a little disappointed too, and we returned by the next boat.

OUT-OF-THE-WAY CALLINGS.

SINCE the days of home handicrafts the multiplication of trades has been beyond computation. Steam power has opened up an immense number of new industrial avenues, and employments undreamed of in the old days have been found for laboring humanity.

Much of this has been brought about by the astonishing discoveries that have been made in regard to the utilization of substances and products previously neglected, and much by the simple exercise of man's ingenuity upon his fellow man's weakness.

A few samples of uncommon callings will illustrate our meaning. Turkey leg painting is of some importance in France. The artist is employed by the poultry-dealing fraternity, and visits his customers two or three times a week.

By his artistic skill the dealer is enabled to palm off a bird of patriarchal age upon the misguided housewife as one of undoubted youthfulness.

Old turkeys have long claws and horny-looking beaks, which the artist pares and varnishes, using a solution that remains a trade secret, and when he has concluded his operation the turkey will fetch half as much again as it would have done in its natural condition.

Egg dyeing is another out-of-the-way trade peculiar to France. The dyers buy their eggs direct from the wholesale dealers.

The eggs are placed in coppers, two or three hundred at a time, and left for about ten minutes in a red hot dye, from which they emerge with all the brilliance of a red billiard ball.

They are then sent to the market and sold at a penny each, the trade in them being very brisk at some periods of the year, particularly at Easter.

One of the oldest employments of modern times is that of "chasing the scraper," as it is called, in connection with the petroleum trade.

Crude petroleum is run from the oil regions to the refineries, sometimes travelling as much as three hundred miles in iron pipes.

A great part of the way it pushes forward by its own gravity, but over the hilly districts is forced by large powerful pumps.

The pipes are continually becoming clogged by sediment, to insure the removal of which an iron stem three feet long, to which circular steel scrapers are attached, is placed in the pipes at regular periods. This is forced along the pipes by the pressure of the oil behind it.

It is necessary to keep track of the scraper in order that its exact location may be constantly known, so that if it is stopped by any obstacle it may be readily discovered and the obstacle removed.

The noise made by the scraper against the iron pipes as it moves along their interior, would not be heard by the untrained ear, but the scraper chasers are able to follow it on its journey from end to end. They are stationed in relays four or five miles apart.

One chaser will follow it up and down mountains, across ravines, and through streams and swamps, until he reaches the end of his section, when another man takes up the pursuit, and so from section to section the chase is continued until the course of the scraper is entirely run.

The work is one of hardship and danger, owing to the nature of the country, through which the miles of pipes are laid.

If by any mishap a chaser loses the track of the scraper, and it becomes clogged before he can discover its position in the pipes, the cutting of the pipes for long distances is often necessary.

A curious calling is that originated by the man who discovered a way of utilising the dead leaves of the pine trees in the Silesian forests.

Until this ingenious gentleman came upon the scene, these masses of dead leaves were left to decay and turn into mould. He conceived the idea, however, of converting them into what he styled "forest wool," and started a factory in which he was able to manipulate the leaves in a variety of ways.

This "forest wool" can be curled, felted, or woven, and, mixed with cotton, is even used for blankets and wearing apparel. An ethereal oil is evolved in the preparatory processes, which has a medicinal virtue, in addition to a suitability for the more prosaic uses of domestic lamps.

And when all these purposes have been served there is still a "refuse" remaining, which is compressed into blocks for firewood, and from which the resinous matter produces gas enough to light the factory.

In connection with the ghastly dead-house of the Paris Morgue there are one or two occupations of a rather uncommon and certainly not over-attractive kind.

The people who have charge of the cloak-room of this establishment are required to keep the clothes of the dead in separate and distinct lots, and if they are not claimed within fifteen days by relatives of the deceased, they are deposited in sacks, and accummulated until a sufficient number of sacks are in hand to make it worth while to remove them.

Then the sacks are conveyed to some works in the suburbs of the city, and there the clothes undergo cremation, being reduced to fine powder, which is afterwards sold for manure.

Bread-crumb manufacturing is another business of a rather extraordinary kind. A Frenchman was the first to start this trade, and he made a fortune out of it. He was at one time a private soldier, and afterwards took to the calling of ragman.

In the course of his "picking up of unconsidered trifles," he observed that the chiffonniers collected a great quantity of stale bread which they were unable to sell.

He conceived the idea of turning these discarded crusts to account, and bought them up at a cheap rate.

Then he reduced them to the condition of crumbs, and roasted them, and sold them to restaurants, soon building up an extensive business.

The demands for crumbs became so great that before long he had to make arrangements for a more plentiful supply of crusts than the chiffonniers were able to afford him, and began to trade with the cooks and scullions of the schools and colleges for the purchase of their crusts.

Since then a large number of people have been employed in pounding grating, and baking crumbs on this system, and establishments of a similar kind have been opened in many other large cities.

Some men embark in occupations of a fraudulent character which are both out-of-the-way and demand the exercise of ingenuity.

Of this class the buyers of defective horses may be singled out for special mention.

They purchase showy horses possessing some serious defect which renders them worthless, but which their art enables them to disguise just long enough to take in their dupes.

There are horses, for instance, which go dead lame in one shoulder, and those knowing fellows hide the defect by creating a similar lameness in the corresponding leg.

This is done by taking off the shoe and inserting a bean between it and the foot. It is difficult to imagine how a double lameness should appear to make the animal go all right, but such is the case.

Other horses that are simply worn out with age and useless, are made to seem strong and active for the little time that

it takes these rascals to drive a bargain.

Scores of men obtain good incomes by trading in this dishonest way upon their knowledge of the animal, and even where the fraud can be traced home to them it is often difficult to convict.

A STUDY OF WRITING.

HAVING some curiosity concerning the manner in which professional expounders of the "mysteries of handwriting" perform their rites I managed to obtain an introduction to a gentleman not unknown in the literary world, who, his friend and mine said, would "give me a reading." So, armed with a note, I presented myself at the gentleman's residence, and when I had been admitted stated my business.

"Do I understand that you wish me to read your character from your writing, or to make you familiar with the mode of procedure?" he asked.

I replied that some insight into the method of proceeding was my object.

"The fact is," said I, boldly, "I wish to know—pardon my plain speaking—is there anything in this 'handwriting craze' or not? Is it quackery, or is it actually scientific?"

"In other words," said Mr. F., "you wish me to confess myself a charlatan, or show you the machinery? Well, I certainly am not a quack, as you shall see; and I will prove this to you."

"Now," continued my interlocutor, "let me see. Have you a letter in your pocket written by any one whom you are really, thoroughly acquainted with—not a mere passing or ordinary acquaintance—one you know, but some one whom I do not know?"

As it happened I had a letter in my pocket-book from a near relative—one whose character was well known to me. This I produced.

It was only a casual reply to a business question, hurried; but a plain statement for all that, covering one and a half sides of a sheet of note paper. It had been written two days previously, just as my relative was starting for Bournemouth for change of air.

I handed the Graphologist the letter. He did not appear to read the contents; he was apparently studying the letters. I waited in expectation for some few seconds; perhaps half a minute had elapsed before the "professor" spoke.

"Well, sir," said he, "in the first place, your friend, in my opinion, is good-natured; of a fairly liberal turn of mind; very obstinate, and of quick temper; he is fond of amusing himself, and has a decided affinity for ladies' society—not to say the tendencies of a flirt; he is also romantic, but not given to wearing his heart upon his sleeve with all; his conversational powers; he is chatty, not gushing; energetic, particularly in the pursuit of pleasure; candid; but the writing is somewhat upright, you see, and indicates self containedness, and a certain selfishness; in fact, he is most generous to himself, and likes those who share or minister to his amusement; he is 'diplomatic,' and rather critical, versatile, and, as I said, energetic, but his bodily strength when he wrote this was not equal to his will; he was in a delicate state of health, I should say; what one would call 'seedy;' he is not a person of vivid imagination, but has certain artistic taste, and plenty of brain power; he may be a lawyer or a stockbroker; at any rate, he is a man who enjoys life, and has excellent business qualities, orderliness, love of detail, and so on; he is rather a contradictory character, but on the whole honest; rather fond of show, and likes things done in grand style. Am I more or less right?" concluded the Graphologist.

I sat perfectly astounded. He had in a few sentences painted a mental portrait of my relative, who is "in the city" as a commission agent, or promoter, or what not. The deduction was wonderfully exact.

One or two points I did not agree with. For instance, he is not selfish; he is most good-natured, and will never mind paying for any one. I said as much.

"Will your relative lend or give you twenty dollars?" asked the Graphologist.

"Well, I don't think he would; but if you go with him to a play, or out of town, he never minds paying a full and liberal share; so——"

"Just my contention," interrupted Mr. F. "He is most liberal where his pleasures are concerned, and very energetic in their pursuit. I daresay he is amusing himself at this moment. He will attend to business very well, but indulge himself after."

This was true enough.

"But," said I, "how can you tell all this from his writing? Have you ever seen my relative?"

"No; I do not even know his name," said Mr. F.; "you see, I have not turned the page. There is your letter, sir; do you want to know more?"

"I want to know how you make these deductions?" I said. "Will you tell me?"

"The general rules are simple. Any little handbook on Graphology will tell you what they are. But I can give you a few hints. See; your relative's writing is thick; his t's are crossed with heavy bars, and high up; some even flying away from the letter. Is that not so?"

"Yes; what does all that indicate?"

"A love of pleasure in the thick writing; and being in places sloping, it indicates love for the opposite sex, as well as a liking for good living. The heavy crossbar means will, obstinate will; its fly-away form, energy and quick temper; therefore we get energy in the pursuit of pleasure or enjoyment of the things of this world.'

"Again: he is cautious, and though chatty will not give himself away. Look at the o's and a's. As a rule these small letters are closed up. This indicates secrecy. Some larger letters are open—this capital O is beautifully formed, but open. This a is also open. So we have a chatty, cautious, somewhat artistic person, caution being shown in the careful stops and dots and taste in the form of the capitals. The small writing means attention to detail, which, with caution and self containedness, with energy and will, makes a business man. His letters in many words, in fact generally, are separated. He is critical; many other words are written in sequence, and some even united. This indicates a logical sequence of ideas; also a valuable attribute for a business man.

"Again, the lines are rather far apart, showing a taste for grandeur and some ostentation. His small d's show his talent by their curve, and this one tells me that he has a very excellent opinion of himself. It curves over-much. His words are sometimes liberal, but the sudden ending of many terminal letters indicates an economy in trifles, and, where it is no benefit, not to be lavish! There is a trifle of meanness in little things in your revered relation, sir."

There is! He was quite right. Most extraordinary!

"Really, Mr. F.," I said, "you have astonished me, and I must admit you have described my cousin's character with wonderful accuracy. It seems easy to delineate these characteristics, but I suppose practise is required?"

"Certainly; intuitive faculty is very necessary; you must study."

"But there is one point you did not explain. That which struck me most of all. How can you tell that my cousin is in weak health? I must confess that is true, and it is very puzzling to me how you know it."

"By the sloping direction of the writing," replied my informant. "You see, the lines tend downwards. The will is strong in the beginning of this long word; you see it trends downwards at the end. Your cousin is not of a melancholy temperament, nor has he been unsuccessful; therefore I am compelled to the conclusion that he is ill."

"He certainly is not melancholy," I said; "but you cannot assume his success in life. Can you tell that? Really?"

"Well, you see he is proud, energetic, and self contained; has business talent, will, and a versatile temperament. His capital M there tells me of his pride first, and secondly, that he has attained to the summit of his ambition—or nearly so."

"Quite true," I replied. "He has just been made a partner in the business. How could you know that?"

"That is my secret," replied Mr. F., rising with a smile. "I cannot let you into all the secrets at once. You have learnt nearly all I could have told you in the time. Is it true, or approximately true?"

"Almost perfectly true," I replied. "If I had not heard your explanations, I confess I would have doubted the ability of the Graphologist. It is as wonderful as chiromancy or palmistry."

"And much easier to practise," he replied.

"Then you can tell character from the hand as well as from the handwriting?" I said.

"I think so," was the reply. "But I cannot do so this afternoon. I have an engagement."

I took the hint, and, thanking Mr. F. warmly for his kindness, I came away a wiser, if not a better, man.

OUR WEATHER-EYE.

Amongst the people who practically and literally live with their weather-eye open, sailors and shepherds take the first place.

The coast populations and "waterside characters" generally also acquire a familiarity with the elements little short of that of those who actually "go down to the sea in ships;" but of all the dwellers on land, the shepherd is the soundest weather prophet; and luckily, for if his own well-being is not imperilled by an ignorance of atmospheric fluctuations, at least the lives of his flocks depend entirely on the acute perception of his "weather eye."

He is well aware that according to the way in which he judges the skies will greatly depend his success or failure in bringing young lambs into the world and guarding the lives of their mothers.

Not necessarily, however, is he always looking aloft for the clue which is to guide him in his preparations; the movements and behavior of his charges themselves reveal to him much of what may be anticipated.

A story used to be told in illustration of the shepherd's weather-wisdom by Lord Palmerston, who, one fine morning, when riding across Salisbury Plain in company with a delicate friend who much feared a wetting, asked a shepherd what his opinion of the weather was.

Looking critically around him, not at the heavens, but at the movements of his sheep, the man answered: "It'll rain afore evenin'."

The two horsemen were incredulous, for the weather was simply superb at the time, the perfection of a summer day—a day the like of which can hardly be met with in any country but England, when sun and air mingle in such sweet proportion, and so temper each other, that the man would be hard indeed to please who could not attune his nature to his surroundings—a day, in fact, which would be likely to evoke another peasantry from our Cockney commentator, in the remark that it was "a fine day for the race!" meaning the human race.

So, the friends, disregarding the shepherd's warning, rode on, and were thoroughly drenched by a shower which fell soon after noon.

"How did you guess it would rain?" asked Lord Palmerston, as damp and disconsolate, he and his friend passed the same shepherd on their return homewards.

"Whenever you see you old tup rubbin' of himself agin' that post of a mornin'," answered Colin, "be sure it'll rain afore night!"

Animals, after all, are endowed with instincts in this matter of weather, as in many others, which might put much of man's boasted science to shame; though why, in this instance, the old tup always scratched his back against a post when rain was coming, it is hard to guess.

The only inference is, that in the mysterious and unseen working of the laws governing the universe, the approach of rain is heralded by some irritation of the sheep's coat, which acts more directly, or at least more practically on his dull brain than all our weather-eyes put together do, on what we are pleased to call our cultivated intellects.

We may take it as indisputable if we please, that, according to the old jingle, "a rainbow in the morning is the shepherd's warning;" but how if there be no rainbow? and Lord Palmerston evidently could not have seen one that morning, however wide he might have kept his "weather-eye" open; nor the shepherd either, for the matter of that; but he had learned by rule-of-thumb that it was not always sufficient to direct his "weather eye" to the weather itself.

Few people whose avocations lie mainly out-of-doors in the country fail to acquire a smattering of weather wisdom from the same sort of source—that is, from observing the habits of the animal world, from the cattle in the fields down to the smallest thing which creeps or flies.

Some birds are especially knowing in their behavior meteorologically, or they look as if they were. Who has not seen the way a jackdaw or a magpie, for instance, cocks his eye upwards, as if constantly on the lookout for squalls?

And if we are unable to detect anything significant in the aspect of the skies to justify his anxiety, we may be sure our feathered friend could put us up to a thing or two, if he chose, of which through our own senses we have not the faintest inkling.

Rooks, swallows, starlings, sparrows, and the rest, all shape their behavior and their notes according to what the weather not only is, but is going to be; and without possessing any definite acquaintance with natural history, residents in the country, observing them, acquire, like the shepherd, a weather wisdom impossible for the inhabitants of large towns to attain to.

Their comfort or interests are seldom, or only indirectly, affected by the [illegible].

Except when an east wind is blowing, the citizen scarcely notes the points of his compass, and often could not tell you which is north or south.

He has no crops, live-stock, or gardens to think of, therefore he is not driven to keep his physical "weather-eye" open in the way rural populations are.

For this reason we suppose it is that he and his kindred endeavor to make up for the deficiency by cultivating their mind's eye to that pitch of sharpness always supposed to characterize the town mouse, when compared with his young friend from the country.

When meteorology shall have become an entirely exact science—and its strides during the last twenty years suggest that this desirable end is not far off—we smoke-dried citizens may also become as knowing about weather as sailors and shepherds.

HONESTY TOWARDS CHILDREN.—The hopelessness of children under a sense of injustice is one of the most crushing forces that can work to maim and distort a child's mind.

He is not able to see beyond the obvious and instant features of the situation, and the feeling that some arbitrary expression of prejudice is working against him convinces him despairingly that effort is useless, and that he is being most cruelly wronged.

The childish nature becomes warped and embittered; and there is perhaps no other single factor which can come into a young life with such disastrous effect as this.

The teacher who allows himself to gratify personal likes and dislikes is doing an injury to his pupils which can only be called inestimable.

It must be recognized, moreover, that children are likely to misunderstand, so that an appearance of favoritism is to be avoided.

This is one of the considerations that make the training of children a matter of so much delicacy and intricacy. It is necessary not only to treat children with scrupulous honesty, but make them feel that they are so treated. M. S.

WHEN a man has made up his mind to do or not do a thing, he should have the pluck to say so plainly and decisively. It is a mistaken kindness—if meant as a kindness—to meet a request which you have determined not to grant with "I'll see about it," or "I'll think the matter over," or "I cannot give you a positive answer now; call in a few days and I'll let you know." Generally speaking, the individual who thus avoids a direct refusal does so to avoid giving himself pain.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The latest thing in hotel-bills-of-fare, says an English traveler, is an edible menu card: You select the dishes you want, and then while waiting for them you amuse yourself by leisurely eating up the bill of fare, it acting as an appetizer. It is the scheme of a London confectioner. He makes a thin sheet of sweetened dough, and after it has been baked he prints the menu upon it in ink made of chocolate. It hasn't got over here yet, but it will by and by.

The canine race owes it to itself promptly to repudiate the dissolute Newfoundland who was lately caught robbing a house in Baltimore. The dog is an animal which, from time immemorial, has borne a good name. By reason of his entire trustworthiness, he has earned the proud title of man's best friend. When stump-speakers desire to compliment a faithful treasurer, the call him a "watch dog." The Newfoundland in question, by disregarding the high ethical standard to which his brethren subscribe, has doubtless filled each of them as have heard of his downfall with grief and indignation. They must make an example of him. At the same time, it is to be said, in mitigation of his offence, that he was tempted from the path of rectitude by a member of the alleged superior race—by a male of the human species, in fact.

Although Germany cultivates more dancers than any other country in Europe, and although the Kaiser is really noted as a graceful dancer, the Government has resolved to curtail dancing to a certain extent. All the communities which have public dances for children at Whitsuntide, on the Emperor's birthday, or on other national holidays, are directed not to begin operations before noon, and not to continue them after 9 P. M. None but a school child is allowed to join in. Children preparing for confirmation are forbidden to take part at all. Those entrusted with the moral and religious training of young people are enjoined to prevent dancing, and to substitute children's games. The opinion is expressed that nothing has been done in the young Kaiser's reign that will excite such opposition in Germany as this.

In these days of rapid railway traveling, it is interesting to read the following: In the archives of the railway from Nuremberg to Furth has been found a protest signed in 1835 of the royal college of Bavarian Doctors, pointing out the danger of the new way of traveling. The following are passages from this remarkable document: "Locomotion by means of any kind of steam engine should be prohibited in the interest of the public health. Rapid change of place cannot fail to produce among travelers the mental malady called delirium furiosum. Even if travelers consent to run the risk, the State ought, at least, to protect the spectators. Nothing but looking at a locomotive which is passing rapidly is sufficient to produce the same mental affection; it is, therefore, indispensable to erect on each side of the line a paling 10 feet high.

A correspondent, who evidently has "no use" for dogs, writes to a New York paper denouncing them in emphatic terms. He says, in the course of his arraignments: "A dog creates more unsociability than any other creature living. He hates the whole world except his master, and would hate him if he dared to. Many people never go into a neighbor's dwelling because of the snarling, growling brute that stands sentinel at the gate. I have heard many people say that it was a pleasure to call at my house, because they could do so without a canine protest. Should any sheep be killed in a community, every man that owns a dog within miles will swear that his dog was at home. One human life destroyed by hydrophobia is of more value than all the dogs on the planet. To offset this bad character of the dog, one in a million may possibly perform some meritorious act. But I think that the world would manage to get along with the extermination of dogs and whisky."

The latest novelty in military inventions is a vegetable cartridge shell, to which French periodicals are calling attention. This invention would, no doubt, become of great importance should the results that are claimed for the same be confirmed. A Frenchman is said to have found the means of replacing the metal shell of cartridges by one of a vegetable composition, which will be entirely consumed by firing. This cartridge scarcely weighs one half of a metal cartridge, the price is considerably less, and its use will do away with all the drawbacks attached to the extraction of the shell after each shot. As the metal shell, however, assures the closing of the gun, the discoverer has invented a new contrivance, which may be affixed to every gun at a small expense, and which would give to his vegetable shell the advantage possessed by those now in use. The employment of these new cartridges would enable soldiers to carry twice the number now allowed, and thereby the difficult problem of the supply of ammunition in battle would be greatly simplified.

When you compare the number of thoughts that come into a man's head with the number that goes out of his mouth, man is discretion itself.

Our Young Folks.

DUMMLING THE SECOND.

BY MAGGIE BROWNE.

AND so at last there were quite a number of people fastened to the goose's tail, for every time any one touched the bird Dummling cried, "Hold fast!" and the person was unable to get away. And Dummling led his goose and her string of followers before the king and the princess who never laughed; but when the princess saw the queer procession she laughed so heartily that she could not stop laughing.

"And the king rejoiced, and declared that as Dummling had made his daughter laugh he must have the promised reward—which was the princess's hand. So Dummling was married to the Princess, and became a rich man; but he never forgot the magic goose which had been given to him by the funny little old lady."

Bab closed the book as she finished the wonderful story, and sighed deeply.

"Does it say where the goose went to?" asked Jock, who had been listening eagerly.

Bab shook her head, and turned over the pages.

"No, it doesn't say anything about that."

"Then I expect," said Jock slowly—"I expect it is alive somewhere, Bab. Oh, if we could only find it, and get it to make us rich! We would soon make mother better then."

Bab sighed and shook her head.

"How do you know it is not alive?" said Jock, who was not to be satisfied so easily. "There are plenty of geese in the village; why shouldn't it be one of them?"

"Don't you see, Jock," said Bab, "it isn't all true about Dummling and the princess who never laughed—it's only a story. There are no magic geese really."

This time Jock shook his head.

"You've never seen any, because you've never tried to find any," he said. "Did you ever say 'Hold fast!' to a goose? No, of course not; then how can you know?"

"But geese don't talk——" began Bab.

"Only magic geese" interrupted Jock. "Wait until I find one, then you'll hear it talk."

Bab began to laugh.

"You may laugh now, Miss Bab," said Jock, "but wait until I've found the goose; and am rich; then when mother is better you won't laugh."

"Indeed I shall," declared Bab; "but you won't make her rich that way."

And thinking the matter settled, she picked herself up, and, tucking her favorite book of fairy tales under her arm, made her way down from the hay-loft, where the two children had been reading together the story of Dummling.

She quite expected Jock to follow her, but Jock still lay on his back in the hay-loft, wondering and longing—longing for an old lady to give him a magic goose to make his fortune, as Dame Trot gave Dummling one in the story—wondering how he could get some money to buy the things needed to make his mother better.

All at once he heard a shout, and knew that the children had come out of the school.

He hastened quickly down from the loft into the garden. He saw five children standing talking together eagerly, and ran up to them.

"It was the big gander did it," said a small boy, just as he reached the group.

"Did what?" asked Jock eagerly.

"Why, Bab's doll. Look at Bab a doll!" cried several children together.

"It's quite spoilt," said a fat rosy little girl.

The doll certainly was spoilt: its head was gone, and it looked more like a bundle of straw dressed in a doll's frock than a doll.

Jock looked at it, and his face suddenly went very red, and he hung down his head.

"It's my fault; I left it out of doors," he said slowly. "I forgot it—Bab told me to take it in."

"What will she say?" said the rosy little girl.

"How do you know the big gander did it?" asked Jock after a moment's silence.

"Because there was nobody else to do it," said one of the children. "We were all in school, and when we came out the gander was poking at it in the middle of the road."

"Then it's the big gander's fault; let's chase him," cried Jock, catching sight of the bird as it waddled along with a big white goose.

"But we mustn't," began a very small girl; but the others took no notice. They joined hands in a long line, and began running down the road.

They soon forgot all about the doll, though the fat rosy little girl held it under her arm, as, shouting and laughing, they ran after the geese.

The big gander didn't like it at all, and cackled and hissed, but the children didn't mind that.

Presently the smallest boy tumbled, and the very small girl stopped to pick him up; but the other children ran on faster and faster down the village road, past the school-house and the church.

At last they came to a place where two roads met; the gander took one road, the goose the other. Three of the children turned aside and followed the goose, but Jock was determined to catch the gander, and pay it out for spoiling the doll.

As he was running along he suddenly remembered Dummling, and no sooner did the thought cross his mind than he determined to try if the old gander were the magic bird.

Stopping quickly, he called out at the top of his voice, "Hold fast!" The bird turned; it was angry and tired, and it spread out its wings to attack Jock.

Jock was astonished and frightened, and turned to run away; but the gander flew at him, and seized tight hold of the smock which he wore, and which was waving in the wind.

Jock screamed and tried to get away, but the bird held fast. He tried to run, but he could not move very quickly. He managed, however to make a dash through two big gates into a large garden. He did not care where he went, but hoped to find some one to come to his rescue.

That there was some one in the garden was soon evident, for Jock, as he struggled to get his smock free from the gander, was conscious o' the sound of peal after peal of soft rippling laughter.

Partly from anger and partly from weariness, Jock began to cry. Then all at once the laughter stopped, and a soft voice called, "Papa, papa!" Just then the gander, tired out, left go of Jock and waddled away.

Jock looked round, raised his arms and clenched his fists, eager to punish the person who had laughed at him.

But his arms dropped down by his side when he saw a pale, delicate looking girl lying on a couch under a big tree.

He turned round, and would have left the garden, but the little girl called out to him.

"I beg your pardon for laughing at you," she said, "but you looked so funny with the big goose holding on to your——" but she began to laugh again.

Just then a gentleman came walking towards them. "Is that you laughing, Doris?" he said. "That is a pleasant sound. What has made you laugh?"

Then he caught sight of Jock.

The little girl only began to laugh again when she tried to tell the story, and finally Jock had to tell the tale of his adventures himself.

Doris's father laughed when Jock told how he had called "Hold fast!" to the old gander, and the bird had taken him at his word, and he could not help smiling when Jock explained that he wanted to find a magic goose like Dummling's. When he heard how ill Jock's mother was, and why he wanted to get money, he looked grave.

"Shall I come and see your mother?" he said; "perhaps I can help her."

"Yes, do, papa," said Doris eagerly; "do go."

"Come then," he said, turning to Jock; "but first run indoors and ask for something to drink. You look hot and tired after your chase."

Jock went very willingly, and thoroughly enjoyed the strawberries which were given to him by the housekeeper.

As he returned to the garden he heard Doris laughing, and heard her saying—

"He is a regular Dummling, for he has made my sad little princess laugh."

Jock smiled. Had he found a magic bird? and was he going to be made rich?

Not exactly that, but Doris's father was very kind to Jock's mother, and helped her during her illness by kind words and strengthening food.

Jock was given work, too, and told he might come every day out of school hours to wheel Doris in her chair.

Bab was not very much troubled about her doll; she was too busy in rejoicing over her new friend.

That night, as she was putting Jock to bed, he said very solemnly—

"Perhaps there was magic in the gander. It was like Dummling, you know, Bab, for I made the princess laugh, though I didn't marry her."

"Well, perhaps that was a good thing," said Bab, laughing.

"But, Bab, it was a little bit like the story, said Jock anxiously, only the goose——"

"Was a gander," said Bab, and there wasn't any princess, and you didn't marry her, and you're not rich, and——" but she stopped, for Jock's face was growing longer.

"There, never mind," she said; "it is a shame of me to tease Master Dummling the Second."

[illegible]

BY SHEILA.

ONE of the most celebrated horses of ancient times was Bucephalus, the charger of Alexander the Great. A hero's property, it was only a hero who could tame and mount him, and it is related that he always knelt to take his master up.

Tradition says too that this noble steed saved his rider's life several times in battle and that, when mortally wounded in an engagement in India, he still found strength to bear Alexander to a place of safety and then fell down and expired.

The king grieved much for his dead favorite, and built a city in memory of him, which is called Bucephala.

An ancient Roman historian mentions Julius Cæsar's war horse, which, like Bucephalus, would permit no one to ride it except its lawful master.

Strange stories were told of this wonderful steed, which was said to have feet resembling those of a human being—a sign that Cæsar should rule the world.

It was also gravely asserted that it shed tears for three days before its master's death.

I need hardly tell you that this remarkable animal is one of the horses of fiction, not of fact: and to the former class belongs too, Neptune's steed Arion, which appeared when the sea-god struck the earth with his trident, and which spoke with a human voice.

Another of Neptune's horses rejoiced in the imposing name of Hippocampes, and, instead of two hind legs, possessed a long tail like a fish's; a necessary appendage, no doubt, for a sea-horse.

Then we read in an old Italian romance of Bajardo, the bright bay steed found by a wizard in a cave guarded by a dragon. The wizard killed the dragon and seized Bajardo, and there is a legend that the fairy steed is still living, but flies away if anybody attempts to approach him.

In Roman history we find a couple of horses treated in a most ridiculous fashion, so much so that we feel quite certain they must have been far more sensible than their masters.

One of them was Celer, the famous steed of the Emperor Verus; and pray do not think I am joking when I tell you that this highly-favored animal was clad in robes of royal purple, lodged in the palace, and fed upon almonds and raisins. Poor fellow! I wonder if he ever longed for a feed of homely corn, and a gallop unfettered by royal purple!

Of Incitatus, the Emperor Caligula's horse, which the half-witted monarch pretended to make consul, I expect you have heard.

He was treated in still more princely fashion than Celer, for history relates that he ate gilt oats out of an ivory manger, and drank wine out of a golden bucket.

Everybody was expected to pay him the greatest respect, and altogether it was a most foolish and ridiculous business.

Probably the two horses were of this opin on themselves, only they were unfortunately not able to express it.

Coming nearer to our own times, we find, still in the region of fable, Roan Barbary, whom Shakspeare makes the much loved horse of Richard II.; and White Surrey, the steed which carried Richard III at the battle of Bosworth Field.

Mr. Kingston tells us a touching story of a horse which was the means of saving several lives during a shipwreck some years ago.

A terrific storm was raging, and a vessel driven on to the rocks at the Cape of Good Hope, was dashed to pieces.

Most of those on board perished instantly, but a few of the sailors managed to cling to the wreck. As, however, no boat could possibly be put off in such a sea, the poor men seemed doomed to destruction.

Their strength was well nigh spent, and it appeared almost impossible to hold out any longer, when a sturdy farmer came riding down to the shore.

His horse was strong and an excellent swimmer, and his master had a brave and noble heart. He settled himself firmly into the saddle and dashed into the waves. The next instant both man and horse had disappeared.

It was a terrible moment, and you can imagine how the people on shore held their breath with terror, and gasped with relief when they saw the gallant pair re-appear and struggle on towards the wreck.

When they reached it the farmer told two of the sailors to hold on by his boots, and then, laden with this extra weight, the horse swam back to the shore.

Seven times in all did the courageous pair make the perilous journey, and fourteen lives were saved.

But the eighth time, and to relate, the farmer lost his balance as they plunged in; a mighty wave swept over him, and, although the horse managed to swim ashore safely to shore, his noble master was borne away, never to be seen again until the "sea gives up her dead."

It was a hero's death, was it not? And yet the hero was only a poor rough settler, who, if he had been asked what heroism meant, would probably have been quite at a loss how to answer.

Now I must really tell you something amusing to end up with, so you shall hear of the Rev. Sydney Smith and his horse, which, as a colt, was such a skeleton as to gain for himself the name of Calamity.

"Mr. Smith was a shocking rider, and he and Calamity often parted company; and when in harness the horse showed such a lazy disposition that his master invented a trick to lure him on.

"This consisted in a small sieve of corn fastened cunningly to the shafts, so that it hung just in front of Calamity's nose.

"Rattle, rattle, rattle went the corn; trot, trot, trot went poor Calamity, who doubtless was much surprised that no pace that he could manage was fast enough to catch up to that deceiving sieve."

BEHIND THE TIMES.—Recent remarkable performances in ocean-record breaking naturally recall the early doubts entertained, even by the wise and well-informed as to the feasibility of crossing the Atlantic by steam at all.

Fifty years have barely passed since scientific men considered this a feat that, even if it were otherwise possible, would require about 3000 tons of coal for the voyage. The famous saying of Dr. Dyonisius Lardner, the leading scientist of his time, is familiar to every one, that he would as soon think of undertaking a voyage by steam from Galway to the moon as to New York; but the following characteristic note from the Duke of Wellington, about the same time, will probably be new to most of us.

Encouraged by the performances of the Sirius and Great Britain, Junius Smith, one of the old shipping merchants of New York, had gone to London to raise the capital for an Anglo-American line of mail steamships.

Among those whom he sought to interest in favor of his project, generally considered "erratic," though Mr. Smith declared he was in fact only "enthusiastic," was the old hero of Waterloo, and this is how the Duke sat on the "scheme" and schemer alike:

"F. M. the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr. Smith. The duke has no leisure to receive the visits of gentlemen who have schemes in contemplation for the alteration of the public establishments."

Sailing packets formed the public establishments referred to, and these were quite good enough for the Field Marshal.

THE PRESENT.—The great difficulty in employing the present well is that the use of it must form part of some consistent scheme or well devised arrangement of life. There is no satisfactory present that is not firmly rooted in the past.

It is the sense of this great need of the past which drives people who have not steady pursuits to a perpetual waste of time.

They feel that desultory efforts are useless, and they cannot determine to undertake those that might be effectual and continuous.

Hence the great advantage in the trades and professions, that they insure continuity. It is thus, in the arrangements of nature, that the present is made so valuable, that men are, on the whole, so wonderfully efficient now when we want their services and do not put us off with promises of future utility.

THE BIRD IN MY HEART.

BY LOUISE MALCOM STENTON.

The bird that sang in my heart is dead,
Oh, how I miss its cheering voice!
Its brilliant eyes, and its dainty head,
Its strains that made my soul rejoice.

It sat and sang, and carrolled again,
Warbling of love that e'er should reign;
Over and over it whiled away pain,
Trilling its cheery, jubilant strain.

It sang too loud, and it sang too long,
It breathed its soul away in song;
And all the birdlings left in its nest
Miss the warmth of its downy breast.

The name of my birdie dear was Love,—
Sweeter or purer ne'er came from above;
Its birdlings were Faith, Hope, Trust, Truth,
Full of the ardor and joy of youth.

* * * * * * * *

But Love is dead—Grief rings its knell,
Sorrow and Pain are its mourners chief:
It either starved, or it loved too well,
For it sang and loved beyond belief.

SUPERSTITIONS OF THE SEA.

There is doubtless some association between this class of superstition and the old Talmudic legend, according to which the devils were speedily angered when, at the creation man received dominion over the things of the sea. This was a realm of unrest and tempest, which the devils claimed as belonging to themselves.

But, says the legend, although denied control of the life that is in the sea the devils were permitted a large degree of power over its waters, while over the winds their rule was supreme.

The "Nixy" of Germany has, by some, been supposed traceable to "Old Nick"; but this is not probable, since Saint Nicholas has been the patron-saint of sailors for many centuries.

It was during the time of the Crusades that a vessel on the way to the Holy Land was in great peril, and Saint Nicholas assuaged a tempest by his prayers. Since then he has been supposed to be the protector of mariners.

The "Nixy," along the Baltic coast, was once, however, much feared by the fishermen. It was the same spirit which appears as the Kelpie in Scotland—a water-demon which caused sudden floods to carry away the unwary, and then devoured them.

There was a river goddess in Germany, whose temple stood at Magdeburg, of whom a legend exists that she once visited earth and went to market in a Christian costume, where she was detected by a continual dripping of water from the corner of her apron.

Generally speaking, however, the Nixies may be described as the descendants of the Naiads of the ancient times, and as somewhat resembling the Russian Rusalkas, of which the peasantry live in much dread.

A Russian peasant, it is said, is so afraid of the water spirits that he will not bathe without a cross round his neck, not ford a stream on horseback without signing a cross on the water with a scythe or knife.

In some parts, these water-spirits are supposed to be the transformed souls of Pharaoh and his host, when they were drowned, and the number is always being increased by the souls of those who drown themselves.

It is said that in Bohemia fishermen have been known to refuse aid to drowning persons lest "Vodyany" would be offended and prevent the fish from entering the nets.

This "Vodyany" however, seems rather a variant of the old Hydra, who reappears in the diabolical names so frequently given to boiling springs and dangerous torrents. "The Devil's Tea kettles" and "Devil's Punch bowls" of England and America have the same association as the weird legends connected with the Strudel and Wirbel whirlpools of the Danube, and the rapids of the Rhine, and other rivers.

Curiously enough we find the same idea in the "Arabian Nights," when "The sea became troubled before them, and there arose from it a great black pillar ascending towards the sky, and approaching the meadow, and behold it was a Jinn of gigantic stature. This demon was a water-spout, and waterspouts, in China are attributed to the battles of dragons.

The swan-maidens, who figure in so many legends, are mere varieties of the mer-maiden, and, according to the Icelandic superstition, they and all fairies were children of Eve, whom she hid away on one occasion when the Lord came to visit her because they were not washed and presentable! They were condemned to be invisible for ever.

The spirit of Vanderdecken, which is still supposed to roam the waters, is merely the modern version of our old friend, Nikke, the water-demon. This is a deathless legend, and used to be as devotedly believed in as the existence of Mother Carey, sitting away up in the north, despatching her "chickens" in all directions to work destruction to poor Jack.

That mariners do not like to have a corpse on board is not remarkable, for the majority of people ashore get rather "creepy" if they have to sleep in a house where lies a dead body.

Moreover, the old idea of bad luck which led to the throwing overboard of Jonah, is in this case transferred from the living to the dead.

The objection to whistling is also explainable by the old practice of "whistling for a wind," for an injudicious whistler might easily bring down a blow from the wrong quarter.

There are some animals and birds which have a peculiar significance at sea. The cat, for instance, is generally disliked, and many sailors will not have one on board at any price, and, if there is one which becomes unusually frisky, they will say the cat has got a gale of wind in her tail.

On one part of the coast, it is said, sailors' wives were in the habit of keeping black cats to ensure the safety of their husbands at sea, until black cats became so rare and dear that few could afford to buy them.

Although Jack does not like to have a cat in the ship, he will not throw one overboard, for that would bring on a storm.

The pig is an object of aversion to Japanese seamen, and also to fishermen, who will not go to sea if they meet one in the early morning. But, indeed, the pig seems to be generally disliked by all seafarers, except in the form of salt pork and bacon.

Rats, however, are not objected to; indeed, it would be useless to object, for they inherit all ships. And rats are supposed only to leave a vessel when it is going to sink.

A Welsh skipper, however, once cleared his ship of them without the risk of a watery grave, by drawing her alongside of a cheese-laden ship, and, having left the hatches open all night, drew off with a chuckle in the morning, leaving a liberal legacy to his neighbor.

The stormy Petrel is supposed to herald bad weather, and the Great Auk to tell that land is very near. This is true enough as regards the Auk, which never ventures beyond soundings; but one doubts the truth of the popular belief that when sea-gulls hover near the shore, a storm is at hand.

Grains of Gold.

Adversity is the first path to truth.

He that has no shame has no conscience.

Constant occupation prevents temptation.

Value character above all other possessions.

Be kind and gentle to the poor and destitute.

A coward never forgave. It is not his nature.

He that liveth wickedly can hardly die honestly.

He is the wisest man who does not think himself so.

Good words cost nothing, but they are worth very much.

The weakest spot in every man is where he thinks himself wisest.

Remembrance is the only paradise out of which we can not be driven.

Hypocrites are beings of darkness, disguised in garments of light.

Celebrity: the advantage of being known to those who do not know us.

It is no sin to be tempted; the wickedness lies in being overcome.

There will always be romance in the world as long as there are young hearts in it.

Hear both sides, and all will be clear; hear but one and you will still be in the dark.

If you pass for more than your value, say little. It is much easier to look wise than to talk wise.

Femininities.

It is easier to overestimate than underestimate one's self.

A sudden demand for bronze-colored hair perplexes the worthy coiffeurs of Paris just now.

When broiling steak throw a little salt on the coals and the blaze from dripping fat will not annoy.

Women swallow at one mouthful the lie that flatters, and drink, drop by drop, a truth that's bitter.

Easy crying widows take a new husband soonest; there is nothing like wet weather for transplanting.

Three sisters named Cuvelier have committed suicide at Vesinet, France, on account of losses in betting.

What women would do if they could not cry nobody knows. What poor, defenceless creatures they would be.

If, after having a tooth pulled, the mouth is filled with salt and water it will allay the danger of having a hemorrhage.

Man may have seven ages, but a woman after she reaches a certain point has but one. She sticks to that for the remainder of her life.

Salt as a tooth powder is better than almost anything that can be bought. It keeps the teeth brilliantly white and the gums hard and rosy.

Briggs: "Young Smithers seems to be quite a favorite in society." Jones: "Yes; he has the knack of saying indelicate things in a delicate way."

Don't wear pointed shoes, which have a tendency to dislocate the second toe upward and to produce ulcerations, sometimes so severe that they demand amputation.

Don't wear a shoe the sole of which is not broader than the outline of your sole when pressed by your full weight upon a piece of paper marked with a pencil.

The women are wearing once more the big hoop earrings that were so fashionable some time ago. They resemble the rings with which African belles ornament their noses.

Mrs. Youngwife, at breakfast: "There is no bread on the table, Nora." Nora: "Shure, there's none in the house, mum." Mrs. Youngwife, severely: "Then make some toast."

Carpets may be greatly brightened by first sweeping thoroughly and then going over them with a clean cloth and clear salt and water. Use a cupful of coarse salt to a large basin of water.

There is now a "Dynamodermic Institute of Paris," where the professors promise to smooth out wrinkles by "electrolysis." The electricity revivifies the skin and makes it young again.

Miss Chilton: "No, Mr. Arden, it is impossible! You must think of me no more!" Mr. Arden, eagerly: "Ah, don't say that! If we meet here again next summer, won't you give me another chance?"

Did his part. Wife: "How can you sit there and watch me cook, Henry, and never offer to help one bit?" Husband: "Why, I do the hardest part of the work." "You do?" "Yes; I eat what you cook."

Mrs. Cadaby Seads: "Signor Robustino is going to sing at our reception," Mrs. Waverly Place: "He's a tenor, is he not?" Mrs. Cadaby Seads: "Oh, no, indeed! We couldn't get him for a cent less than $50."

Miss Plantagenet De Vere: "That man's attentions to me are most offensive, and he has the reputation of being a fortune-hunter. Do you suppose it is papa's wealth that allures him?" Miss Dotty Flicker, thoughtfully: "Why, what else can be?"

Little Alice: "Oh, dear, I'm afraid it Mrs. Blank don't go pretty soon we won't get our ride with mamma! Ain't her call most over?" Little Dick: "I guesso. Mamma is talking about the second girl now, an' there is only the nurse an' the janitor left."

Among the passengers in the waiting-room of a Western railroad station recently was a young woman with three tame gray squirrels running about her. Each was secured to her belt by a small chain. As she walked out to take a train two of her pets nestled upon her bustle.

Mr. Goodcatch, calling on the eldest sister: "Why, Johnny, how you are growing! You'll be a man before your sister, if you keep on." Johnny: "You bet I will. Sister'll never be a man if she keeps on being 20 like she has for the last 5 years." Then there was great trouble in the household.

One of the latest social innovations, says an English paper, is the female butler, a parlor maid in livery. A good looking girl in livery of dark blue, green and gold, or scarlet and white looks very smart, and the waiting is, as a rule, done more quietly and deftly than by a man. This opens out a new field of employment for women.

"I'd like to exchange this yard of ribbon; it is soiled in one place," said Mrs. Shoppingley to one of the clerks at Silk & Co.'s. "I'm not the lady you bought it of," replied the sales-duchess in attendance. "I've just returned from my season in the country, and some other lady must have sold it to you. Here, Maggie; did you sell this person a yard of orange ribbon? No? Well, see which of the ladies in our department did sell it, then."

Are there tricks in all trades save a journal, is telling about a dentist who had a lady customer who wanted a set of false teeth made at once. She couldn't wait. But business was driving and the dentist could not make her plate for a week, but he was equal to the occasion. Seizing a sharp instrument, he very coolly thrust it into the roof of his patient's mouth. "Does that hurt you, madam?" he asked. Of course it hurt, and of course madam said so. "Then your mouth is quite too sensitive for the work just as present. You must call in about a week or ten days, when your mouth will be in better condition." He made the teeth, and in his own good time.

Masculinities.

Keep ahead rather than behind the times.

Don't stop to tell stories in business hours.

Use your own brains rather than those of others.

Do not meddle with business you know nothing of.

The question of home rule—which shall rule it.

A man of honor respects his word as he does his bond.

As soon as women become ours we are no longer theirs.

No man can get rich by sitting around stores and saloons.

If you have a place of business be found there when wanted.

Keep clear of a man who does not value his own character.

A lady advertises in a London paper that she "gives lessons in tennis."

A thorough paced knave will seldom quarrel with one whom he can cheat.

General Sherman thinks "Pinafore" one of the best operas of modern times.

The only prayer that never is unanswered is the prayer to be lifted above self.

If love levels all things, why do not more lovers go at the thing with level heads?

Learn to say no. No necessity of snapping it out dog fashion, but say it firmly and respectfully.

Help others when you can, but never give what you cannot afford to, simply because it is fashionable.

If the women were called upon to vote for the nicest men in town, how many would vote for their husbands?

He: "Do you believe in marrying for money, Miss Antique?" She: "I don't know. How much have you got?"

"Meet me on the corner tonite," he wrote, "and dew not fale." And she answered him, "There is no such word as 'fale.'"

"Yes," admitted the visitor, when the proud mother exhibited her baby, "he has his father's nose; but don't worry, it may not always be that red."

A flexible gold chain bracelet that claims attention has a rose diamond padlock that locks; the gold key is suspended from the bracelet by a tiny gold chain.

Miss Gushing: "You're a widower, are you not, Mr. Newman?" Mr. Newman, of Salt Lake City: "Only partially. Three of my wives are still living."

Mr. Gladstone remarked recently that if he had to select the best 30 years from the beginning of time in which to live he would choose the past half century.

An old dodge was tried last week by a Boston thief. He put on a suit of clothes at a tailor's and when the attendant's back was turned ran out of the place. He was caught after quite a long chase.

De Pierson: "Aw, old chappie, so it's all over between you and Miss Katel?" Fitz Noodles: "Yaas." "What was the cause?" "That beastly brat of a brother put red pepper on my cake."

Those ingenious New England farmers who stocked their old homesteads with bogus antique furniture and sold it at fancy prices to city visitors, are now able to answer the question, "Does Farming Pay?"

The first Arbor Day was observed in Nebraska 17 years ago, when 12,000,000 trees were planted. There are now growing in the State 600,000,000 trees. In other States many millions of trees have been planted.

Says a physician: "Good health demands that the mouth be kept closed while asleep." We have known instances where a man's health would have been materially improved if he had kept his mouth closed awake.

An aged Cincinnatian, who is sick and not likely to recover, has received circulars and cards sent out by an enterprising crematory company. The receipt of the incident adds that this annoys the old gentleman.

Enamored swain: "For you, darling, I wad lay me doon and dee.'" Practical maiden: "That sort of thing is clear out of date, Willie. What a girl wants nowadays is a man who is willing to get up and hustle for her."

The jig was up. Mrs. Proudfoot: "I have at last consented to my daughter's marriage with George. You know he saved her from drowning while bathing." Young son, speaking up: "Sister told me it was a put-up job."

If the feet are tender or painful after long standing or walking great relief can be had by bathing them in salt and water. A handful of salt to a gallon of water is the right proportion. Have the water as hot as can comfortably be borne.

One sees nowadays a great deal of flexible jewelry, bracelets that cling to the arm, necklaces that adjust themselves to curves and undulations of the throat and neck, and corsage pieces that may be fitted to the requirements of the bodice.

Extract from a letter from a missionary on the Congo: "We are in very sore straits in this sad and unenlightened country. Famine is raging through the land, and two-thirds of the population are dying for want of food. Please send out some more missionaries."

A young lady at Athens, Ga., has invented a lamp that will cease to burn exactly at 10 o'clock. The average Georgia lover has no fault to find with the lamp; in fact, he would be better satisfied if it would go out as soon as he came in. If the young lady wants to make a real ten-strike she should invent a father who will go to bed at 9 o'clock.

Recent Book Issues.

"Hair-breadth Escapes of Major Mendax" purports to be a book for boys. It is a series of highly imaginative extravagan', and grotesquely lying adventures of the above-said Major, sometimes passably funny, but for the most part coarse and pointless. F. Blake Crofton is the author. If given out as a bit of semi-humorous writing the work might do well for some grown readers, but we cannot say that it is adapted to the young either in purpose, style or language. It is nicely illustrated and prettily bound. Published by Hubbard Bros., Phila.

One of the best proofs of the progress of a country is to be found in the number and circulation of its newspapers. Applying this test by means of Ayer's "American Newspaper Annual" for 1889, just issued, we find that the United States, long since the greatest reading people of the world, is continually increasing its lead over all other nations. The total number of periodicals published here in 1888 was 15,188, while in 1889 it has increased to 16,279. This of course indicates there is hardly a spot within our limits that cannot boast its own newspaper. Besides most important information in this respect, Ayer's "Newspaper Annual" is full of value to the business world in its various statistics and particularly in its splendid classification of journals, for special branches of trade, specification of localities and centres of population, for the purposes of the advertiser. This has now become a recognised science, most important and valuable to the wide-awake business man, and no house and no publication has done more than Ayer's "Annual" to make it so. A few of its more pronounced features are full details of population, resources, character of soil, of every county seat in the United States and all cities with populations above 5000; political and government statistics; valuable extracts from the Census of 1880; essential facts concerning every paper published in the Union or Canada. This embraces religious papers, agricultural, those in foreign languages, etc.; the number of manufacturing establishments, hands employed, annual products, wages paid, etc.; votes polled by all parties at the recent election, etc., etc. Altogether the work is a perfect encyclopedia in its line and alike indispensable to the business man, advertiser, or newspaper. Finely printed and bound in one large octavo volume of over 1100 pages. Published by N. W. Ayer & Son, 8 n and Chestnut St., Phila. Price $5 00.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The complete novel in *Lippincott's Magazine* for November is called, "Creole and Puritan," and is by T. C. DeLeon, who has painted a charming and graphic picture of West Point life. S. S. Wiser contributes an article upon the "Correspondence of John Lothrop Motley." In "The Trials of Magazine Editors," Junius Henri Browne relates the amusing as well as harrowing experiences to which all magazine editors are subject. Maurice Thompson tells in a charming manner the story of "Banzon Jean," an old runaway Creole slave. Ann H. Wharton discusses the question, "What shall be our National Flower?" and Robert Timsol, under the head of "An Old Philosopher," discusses the famous old Stoic, Epictetus. The poems in this number include: "An Influence," by John B Tabb; "My Hero," by Ellen Seawell; "If," by Mary Ainge DeVere. "With the Wits," is a new humorous department.

The October *Popular Science Monthly* is marked by the great variety of its contents. Gen. M. M. Trumbull has a timely article entitled, "Pensions for All," in which he lashes those whom he calls, "The Treasury Raider." Dr. M. Allen Starr contributes an illustrated article on "The Old and the New Phrenology." A lively picture of "Evolution as Taught in a Theological Seminary," is given by Rollo Ogden. "Life at the Cameroons" is an entertaining sketch by Robert Muller, M. D. Among other papers are, "The Art of Prolonging Life," "Education in Ancient Egypt," "The Bronze Age," illustrated; "Anthropology at Washington," "Digestion and Related Functions," "The Chemist as a Constructor," "Industrial Family Names," "The Home of the Ferns," "The Origin of Some General Errors," "The Pleasure of Motion," and "The History of the Fork. The subject of the biographical sketch and portrait is Linnæus, the Flower King." There are editorials on "The Domain of Science" and "The American Association." D. Appleton & Co., publishers, New York.

An explanation of the profusion of colonels in Kentucky is to be found in part in the Governor's privilege to appoint colonels on his staff *ad libitum*. Governor Blackburn appointed sixty in Louisville alone, with proportionable numbers for the back counties. It is believed that no Governor of Kentucky ever had his entire staff together at one time. There is no public hall in Kentucky big enough to hold it. The Texas method is simpler still. You have only to drink with the mayor to be named colonel on the spot.

Whenever appears to have much cunning has in reality very little; being deficient in the essential article, which is, to hide cunning.

Don't Irritate your Lungs with a Stubborn Cough, when a safe and certain remedy can be had in Dr. Jayne's Expectorant.

AT THE SEA'S BOTTOM.

So recently as twenty years ago, it was generally supposed that the extreme depths of the ocean were destitute of animal life. Since then it has over and over again been practically demonstrated that neither the absolute darkness nor the low temperature nor the immense pressure in those mysterious abysses, has been sufficient to prevent life from flourishing there as luxuriantly as elsewhere.

Fish, molluscs, worms, sponges, polypi, and microscopic organisms are as in the shallow ones, and even more so.

None of these deep-sea beings has a much better right to the title of queer fish than the slim-legged lobster, which lives at depths ranging from 3,000 to 8,400 feet below the surface.

The animal is furnished with extraordinarily long and slender antennæ, or feelers, three or even four times the length of his body. Its legs, which are about half as long as the antennæ and nearly as slender, bear at their lower ends tufts of fine bristles. Perched upon his thin, stilt-like legs, the animal sweeps with his antennæ a very considerable area, and thus receives early notice of the approach of danger.

A kindred curiosity is the hard-bodied lobster, a decapod whose feelers are unusually short, but whose first pair of legs,—those which bear the great claws—are monstrously long.

This individual, no doubt, lives at the bottom of some narrow rocky cleft, or buries himself in the mud where his enemies cannot reach him, and, brandishing his long pincers above him, waits until his luckless prey comes within his reach. He resides at a depth of 3,000 feet; but he is, comparatively speaking, only a shallow-water decapod, for his kinsman, a certain hermit crab, haunts depths of 18,000 feet, or three miles and a half, and seems to thrive and be happy with a pressure of three and a half tons of water per square inch on his back.

Like other hermit crabs, this creature enshrines the soft rearmost end of his body in the discarded shell of a mollusc, and guards the entrance with his claws and feelers.

He carries his borrowed shell with him wherever he goes, his body meanwhile adapting itself to the shape of its home until in time it can no longer be withdrawn, even by exterior force, without breaking. The hermit crab of the deep sea also resembles the majority of hermit crabs who live at higher levels, in generally having a companion or hanger-on in the shape of a parasitic anemone.

The fondness of the anemone for the society of the hermit crab is well known. One prominent scientist has narrated a curious example of it. He placed an anemone, attached to the shell of a great whelk, in a glass aquarium. The shell had probably been just deserted by a hermit crab. In a short time the anemone left the shell and fastened itself to the side of the tank, thus moving over to a large stone in the centre of the aquarium.

After the lapse of several weeks a hermit crab was dropped into the tank. The crab made himself comfortable in a crevice, and scarcely was he established there ere the anemone went to him, and planted itself on the top of his shell.

That the anemone should do this whenever it has an opportunity is very extraordinary, for, by throwing in its lot with the crab, it exchanges a life of quiet for a life of perpetual worry.

The crab moves and drags himself whither he will, regardless of the tender creature that lives on the roof of his abode; and it is hard to see what advantage the anemone gains in return for the rough treatment to which it is hourly exposed by the motions of its patron.

But the secret of the alliance probably lies in the fact that to the anemone locomotion is difficult and laborious, and that after fastening itself to the shell of such a restless individual as the hermit crab, it finds that it is carried about without cost or exertion to see the world and to collect food.

On the other hand, the crab, it may be, derives some benefit from the anemone's highly strung nervous system, which possibly, by the agitation which the approach of an enemy causes in the parasite, warns the householder betimes that all is not as it should be.

None of the queer decapods described above appear to grow to any great size. Indeed, as a rule, deep-sea creatures are not very large. Yet, off the Japanese coasts, at a depth of about 2,000 feet, is found the giant crab which exceeds in size all other known decapods. Some specimens measure between the tips of the extended claws as much as 9½ feet.

The amount of power possessed by this monster, when alive, was estimated to exceed that of a strong horse; and a nip from the great claw of the giant crab of slightly inferior size would it was calculated, have easily severed an oar or a man's leg at the thigh.

Like other decapods, those of the deep sea are seldom or never ambidextrous. One big claw is almost invariably much larger and more powerful than the other; but dexterity seems to be the general attribute of some species, while left-handedness is apparently preferred by others. The reasons for this have never been satisfactorily established.

Why They Made Him Laugh.—An artist who recently visited Tartary with a friend states that he was engaged, one blustering day, somewhere on the outskirts of the country, in making a sketch of a group of picturesque Tartars. Still other Tartars gathered around him as he was at work, gazing at his sketch and walking about. As the Tartars were armed to the teeth, the artist thought it best to be amiable, and smiled a broad smile upon the party.

Whereupon the entire party smiled broadly in return and showed great interest in him. He smiled again, more broadly still. Whereupon the entire party came round in front of him, and began to go through the most extraordinary antics, laughing still. The artist gathered somehow that he was expected to laugh too, and proceeded to gratify their evident wish.

The more he laughed the more they laughed, and several big Tartars came right in front of him, and lay down on the ground, rolling and tumbling. The artist laughed until his jaws cracked. The thing finally became a little alarming, and, calling his interpreter, the artist bade him find out of the head man of the Tartar party what these strange proceedings meant.

"His excellency," said the Tartar in explanation, "smiled upon us and showed us something which we never saw before—teeth made partly of gold. And as the men of my tribe saw that his golden teeth were only to be seen when he laughed, they took all possible ways to make him laugh; and when they rolled on the ground before him it was only the better to see into his mouth, and behold, too, the golden teeth."

Strange Will.—An extraordinary will was probated recently at Nashville, Tennessee. Mrs. Mary Ann Schaub, an aged German lady, died at her house where she had lived for nearly half a century. She had no kin, and had surrounded herself by a number of dog and cats. She had accumulated a handsome property, valued at about $6000, and this she leaves in trust to two of her favorite dogs. She provides that a sufficient sum shall be reserved to maintain these dogs in comfort as long as they live, and especially orders one bed and clothing for their occupancy. A young lady, whom she adopted some years ago, is made secondary beneficiary, upon the condition that she will live in the house and care for the dogs for a period of eight years.

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  Their "chumship" dates from five years back.
And always wears the same complexion;
  What pleases Jimmy pleases Jack.

The "cash" they lend to one another
  Would many a one with envy fill;
The drinks they freely "stand" each other
  Proclaim their discord nearly nil.

And, reader, do you really wonder
  If such a friendship e'er could be?
Then let me tear the doubt asunder:
  They both have sisters!—now d'you see?

—U. N. NONE.

Court dress—A breach of promise suit.

Doing light work—Cleaning the lamps

"Two can play at that game"—Checkers.

A howling swell—The boil on a small boy's neck.

"The World's Fair"—The ladies, bless their hearts.

When the grocer retires from business he weighs less than he did before.

Why are blind persons the most likely to be compassionate? Because they feel for other persons.

It has been remarked that some give according to their means, and some according to their inclinations.

At 20 it is easy enough to see how fortunes can be made. At 50 it is still easier to see how you have not made one.

Guest: "You seem musical. I always hear you whistling. What is your favorite song?" Waiter: "'Remember Me,' sah." He got a quarter.

A scientific journal asserts that the ear of a clam is at the base of the foot. It must be funny to see a clam walking around listening for earthquakes.

Office boy: "Say, dere's a big fellow down stairs who wants ter lick yer, and a sad-eyed little woman with a big roll of poetry." "Show up the big man."

Newspaper man: "But I thought your organization repudiated assassination?" Anarchist: "So it does—after the objectionable persons have been removed!"

"Dear! dear! dear! What a pity it is you can't agree!" Small boy: "Well, mamma, we should agree, only Daisy 's so unkind. She wont be a pig and let me drive her about by the leg!"

Brown: "You don't look well, Robinson. What's the matter—sick?" Robinson: "Yes; I smoked too many cigars to-day." "How many have you smoked?" "That one you gave me last night."

"Ma, I don't see what you want to put burglar alarms in the house for." "Don't, eh!" "No. I'm sure the burglars 'd be enough alarmed at hearin' you and Aunt Becky scream without having anything else to alarm 'em."

She: "Ma says she knows that when we are married we won't live so like cats and dogs as she and pa do." He: "No, indeed! Your ma is right." She: "Yes, she says she is sure you'll be easier to manage than pa is."

Clara: "Pugs are cute little things, but what are they good for?" Nella: "Why, Clara, I'm astonished. Good for? Nature meant them to be the recipients of the affection which society might otherwise have lavished on mere children!"

"Your Honor," said the prisoner to the judge, "this policeman arrested me while I was quietly attending to my own business, and making no noise or disturbance whatever." "What is your business?" asked the judge. "Your Honor, I'm a burglar."

A sneak thief, caught in a dwelling, escaped by saying that he was a physician who had been called to the house. The people were dreadfully frightened. When they took him for a thief, they feared for their valuables; but when he said he was a physician, they trembled for their lives.

Eastern speculator: "Who is that man on the monument?" Citizen, of Mudville, N. Dak.: "Why, that's George Washington, the man who couldn't tell a lie, you know." Eastern Speculator: "Ah, I see, and they put him up there to get some pointers from real estate agents."

Tramp: "Please, ma'am, will you give a poor man a bite to eat?" Matron: "Not a bite! I don't encourage idleness. Get out, or I'll set the dog on you." Tramp, continuing: "Please, ma'am, a friend of mine told me you gave him a piece of cake once, and 'twas the best cake he ever ate, and he thinks you're the best cook he ever—" Matron: "Come right in, poor man. Mary Jane, get a good breakfast ready for this poor creature."

Mr Jenkins, about to declare himself: "Well, Miss Grace, October is here, and one hears 'good-by' on every side. We have been together all the summer—riding, driving, sailing and pleasuring generally—and do you know, Miss Grace, what I have been thinking about? I have been asking myself—and I ask you—what is it all going to amount to?" Miss Grace, scandalized. "Mr. Jenkins! I am not so mercenary as to have thought of that phase of our intercourse. That is a question for you and your father to settle."

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In truth the Chinese almanac is a kind of yoke of bondage. It is issued by the Government, and the sale of all other almanacs is strictly forbidden. So strong is the native faith in its infallibility that not long since the new Chinese minister in Germany refused to sail on the appointed day, as it was declared by the almanac to be unlucky, and consequently the departure of the steamer was deferred by the request of the German minister to Pekin. Superstition is a strong master when it gains control, and it must be a life of slavery to order one's actions by a book, or else live in fear and trembling of the vengeance of fate.

In a cable car, the other day, were an old gentleman, with an ear trumpet, and a very pretty young woman accompanied by a little boy. She smiled at intervals on the boy, showing her pretty teeth in a bewitching way. All at once the old man, in the way peculiar to so many deaf people who do not know how to modulate their voices said, in tones so loud as to be audible all over the car, "I only paid $5 for my upper teeth. What did yours cost?" To say that the pretty woman was mad is putting it mildly. She flounced around with a flush of anger blazing in her cheeks, and signalled the conductor to let her out at the next crossing.

Drunkenness is a pair of spectacles to see the devil and all his works.

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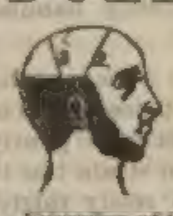

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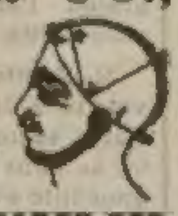

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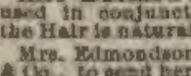

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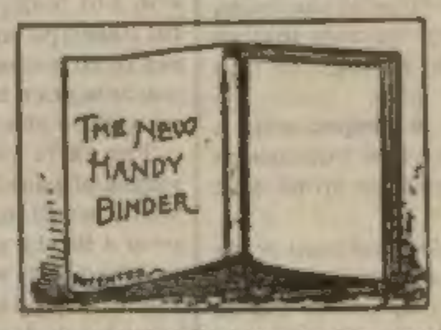

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Latest Fashion Phases.

As usual Paris is the last place where the best and newest Parisian modes are to be seen, and, unless one has the entree of the houses where the leading modistes and contourieres prepare their models, the search after novelties is indeed a wearisome and fruitless errand.

Happily for our readers the source whence all these charming fashions flow never dries up, and even in the dullest season there is something new to see, admire or criticise, and to report.

Chapeaux are beginning to take an autumnal aspect; less face and fancy straw are used, and even the shapes are modified and many of them are evidently calculated for a time of year when glaring sunshine is no longer to be feared.

One of these new hats, in fine, smooth colored straw, has the brim jutting out over the face in front, but very short at the back and sharply turned up and lined with velvet on each side.

The low, flat crown is almost concealed by bows of ribbon with a white and striped border. These are fastened in under the brim on one side, and lie very flat; a little bunch of orchids form a small aigrette on the other side, and a few flowers cover the base of the crown in front.

A great many models are in this fine, smooth straw in a variety of shapes and in all colors; but for more dressy occasions a mixture of velvet and crepe de Chine is very fashionable.

A charming model has the low, flat sailor crown of dark green velvet, and the drawn brim, wide in front, but narrow at the back, of white crepe, with very narrow mauve ribbon run through the casings of the crepe.

The top of the crown is draped with a lappet of Honiton lace, and low bunches of mauve asters are arranged in front and partly round each side.

Very novel and stylish for autumn wear are the felt hats in light colors, with low, flat crowns and wide brims, either flat in front and turned up at the back, or fluted in front and narrow and straight behind.

A very striking hat in the first of these shapes is a delicate shade of grey green; on the right side is a long bow of green velvet matching the felt, mixed with loops of white satin embroidered with gold; in front the loops meet a plume of green feathers that extend along the left side, and fall over the hair at the back.

Another of these felt hats, with the brim bent in large flutings in front, is in light grey-blue felt, the inside of the brim being in a much darker shade.

The trimming is placed in front of the crown, and consists of loops of metallic-green ribbon, the head and breast of a bird in various metallic shades of green and blue, with a long, softly-shaded plume of a bird of Paradise feathers falling back at the left side.

There are fewer novelties in capotes, stylish hats being in greater demand for country and seaside wear than capotes, which afford less shelter and are not so suitable with travelling costumes. Fancy straws and gold galons are still much used, and many pretty capotes are a mass of pleatings of crepe lisse, with a few loops of ribbon, or perhaps a small spray of flowers as their only ornament.

The convenient toque capote is still a great favorite, and is, if possible, made of a piece of the dress material.

Low bodices and corselets worn over chemisettes of all descriptions, are very popular, as are Spanish and Zouave jackets, which have somewhat the same effect.

In some cases the front only of the jacket is worn, but in the majority of costumes the back is also added. In one toilette made in this way, the dress is of pale water-green barege, striped with a darker shade, the bodice and sleeves are full, and the little jacket, fastened with a button on the chest, and the jockey sleeves, open at the back and ornamented with a button, are of peau de soie in the darker shade of green.

The narrow sash of water-green ribbon is tied at the back. Another toilette represents a corsage composed entirely of voile in bright poppy-red.

The chemisette is very finely tucked, the low, rather full corsage is mounted round the shoulders on a band of the voile embroidered with black silk.

The wristbands of the full sleeves and the collar are of similar embroidery, but the sash is of plain black ribbon.

A novel and practical use for black lace in trimming a corsage consists of a single gathered flounce forming the frame of a plastron, a gravat and a fichu end.

A charming dress for afternoon wear is in plain brocade surah, with a narrow panel on the right of crepe de Chine bouillonne at intervals.

A second dress is of green printed foulard, and has a square tablier draped a little at the top and divided from the plain black breadths on each side by a panel covered with two lace flounces, the upper one much narrower than the lower one.

The bodice is draped and crossed back and front over a lace plastron or fine chemisette with a collar to match.

The ribbon ornaments are of black moire ribbon; the sash is tied in front, and loops and ends fall on each side of the lace panel on the right.

Leather color, in faille, peau de soie, and cashmere, is a fashionable shade for demi-saison toilettes, many of which are ornamented with woven or embroidered bands, into which gold thread enters largely.

An excellent model is a dress of cuir cashmere, trimmed with rather narrow bands of gold embroidered on a sea-blue ground.

The front of the skirt is very slightly draped at the top; the redingote closes like a pointed corsage in front, and the panels of the skirt are bordered down each side with the embroidery.

The front of the corsage is draped and framed with embroidery on each side over a narrow pleated plastron; a little pointed band of the same embroidery finishes off the point of the corsage. At the back the skirt is mounted with small puffs at the edge of the corsage.

The collar and sleeves are trimmed with bands of the embroidery.

Tailor-make costumes are, as ever, in favor, but many of them are of a more fanciful description than one is accustomed to see in this class of dress. One of these new models is of cloth in very large beige and soap-blue chequers.

The skirt is very narrow, but cut in a series of panels divided by fan pleatings of white woollen. The corsage opens in front over a finely pleated white plastron, and is finished off with a white corselet bodice forming pointed paniers on the hips; the corselet is deep under the arms, and sloped down to the waist, where it is fastened with a passementerie clasp. The sleeves are of the white woollen, with pleats down the outside, and a long sash to match falls low on the skirt at the back.

Another dress is dark green, the skirt has long draperies, which on the right side are carried into a graceful pleating, lined with light green; the braiding on the underpetticoat is of green and silver, and on each side of the light green waistcoat some braiding appears.

Some of the long cloaks and wraps are wonderfully pretty, and, while answering the purpose for which they were intended, have a decidedly original air about them.

One of the smartest is made in fine navy cloth, and falls entirely to the back, from under a short square collar, fastened by a silver clasp inlaid with small paintings, on enamel. Thus worn, the cloak is scarcely seen from the front; but should it be required as a protection from the wind or rain, its ample folds can be drawn round the figure, being large enough, in reality, to cover the dress entirely.

A cloak made was also of a new and uncommon design; it was made of thick blanket cloth of navy blue, having a yoke at the neck of red, braided thickly with fine braid; from this, arranged in gathers, standing out round the shoulders, hangs the cloak proper of the navy cloth, lined with rich silk of a bright red shade.

A thick coat was of navy serge, with Zouave front, opening over a waistcoat of canary cloth, the edges of the coat being bound and slashed with black military braid.

Odds and Ends.

OF SOUPS, OMELETTES, ETC.

Brown Sauce.—Butter slightly a gallon saucepan, put a layer of slices of onion at the bottom, over this two pounds of lean veal, one pound of beef and a half pound of ham, all cut in small pieces; add half a pint of gravy stock. Put the saucepan on the fire, stirring the contents frequently. When the meat is well colored add one carrot, cut in small pieces, one bayleaf, some parsley, thyme and marjoram, one or two cloves, a little whole pepper and salt to taste; then put in as much more stock as will well cover the contents of the saucepan. Let the whole boil gently for about three hours, and strain the liquor through a tammy. Put into a saucepan quarter of a pound of butter and two ounces of flour, stir on the fire till the two are well mixed; and are of a light brown color; then gradually add the strained liquor boiling hot. Set the saucepan at the side of the fire, and let it simmer for one and a half hours, carefully skimming the contents from time to time. Lastly turn out the sauce into a basin, and if not wanted immediately, let it be stirred every five or ten minutes till quite cold. In a good larder it will keep several days, but it should be warmed every day in hot weather.

Madeira Sauce.—Add some white wine not necessarily Madeira—Marsala is very good for the purpose—to some Espagnole sauce, in such proportions as taste suggests.

Frying Batter.—Beat up together two tablespoonfuls of brandy, the yolk of two eggs, one tablespoonful of olive oil, and four or five tablespoonfuls of cold water. Amalgamate with this three tablespoonfuls of fine flour and a good pinch of salt. Beat the mixture five or ten minutes, adding a little more water if too thick. When ready to use it, stir into it lightly and quickly the whites of two eggs whisked to a froth.

Potage Parmentier.—Boil some potatoes in water, with an onion, a head of celery and salt to taste; when done, pass them through a hair seive, and put them into a saucepan with a lump of butter, adding sufficient stock to bring them to the consistency of soup. Let it boil up, season with pepper and salt, and at the time of serving throw in either minced parsley or small sprigs of chervil. Small dice of bread, fried in butter, to be served in or with the soup.

Barley Soup.—Boil half a pint of pearl barley in a quart of vegetable stock till it is reduced to a pulp, pass it through a hair sieve, and add to it as much well-flavored vegetable stock as will give a puree of the consistency of cream; put the soup on the fire; when it boils stir into it, off the fire, the yolk of an egg beaten up with a gill of cream; add half a pat of fresh butter, and serve with small dice of bread fried in butter.

Nouilles Soup.—Make a paste with the yolks of four eggs, the white of one, a pinch of salt, the least drop of water, and as much of the finest flour as will give a very stiff paste; when worked quite smooth, roll it out in sheets as thinly as possible without breaking it; then cut each sheet of paste into strips or lozenges, and spread them out to dry on a cloth. In two or three hours' time throw the nouilles into some fast boiling, well-flavored clear stock, and serve as soon as they are sufficiently done, grated Parmesan cheese being handed round with the soup.

Mulligatawny Soup.—Boil a knuckle of veal in a little more than three quarts of water, skim carefully, and let it boil gently for an hour and a half; then strain the liquor into a stewpan. Have ready thirty one pounds of the breast of veal, cut up into pieces about an inch square without gristle or bone, and three large onions sliced; fry these two together in butter till they are a delicate brown, put them into the veal broth, and let it simmer one hour, taking care to skim it carefully; then take five or six tablespoonfuls of the broth, and mix with it one large tablespoonful of curry powder and one of flour till quite smooth, adding a teaspoonful of cayenne and a teaspoonful of salt. Stir all this gradually and well into the soup, keep it simmering, but not boiling for one quarter of an hour longer, and serve with rice as for curry. A couple of shallots minced fine, one teaspoonful of powdered ginger, and one of powdered mace may be added.

Savory Omelette.—Beat up four eggs with a teaspoonful of chives, very finely minced, parsley and sweet herbs also finely minced, pepper and salt according to taste. Put a piece of butter the size of an egg into a frying pan; as soon as it is melted pour in the omelette mixture, and, holding the handle of the pan with one hand, stir the omelet with the other by means of a spoon. The moment it begins to set cease stirring, but keep on shaking the pan for a minute or so; then with the spoon double up the omelet, and keep shaking the pan until the under side of the omelet has become of a golden color. Turn it out on a hot dish and serve.

Chocolate.—Proportions, one ounce for each cup. Break the chocolate into small pieces and put it with the milk (cold) into the chocolate pot (chocolatera). Place this on a slow fire, and stir the chocolate frequently with a chocolate mill (molinillo) until it becomes of the requisite thickness. Milk and water alone may be used, but the quantity of chocolate must be increased in proportion as less or no milk is used.

Vicious habits are so great a stain to human nature, and so odious to themselves, that every person actuated by right reason would avoid them, though he were sure they would be always concealed both from God and man, and had no future punishment entailed upon them.

Confidential Correspondents.

SAN FOW.—If a Chinaman leaves this country now he cannot return.

S. C. B.—"The White Wolf" and "Philip Morton" cannot be supplied.

READER.—A "straw bid" is a bid for a contract which the bidder is unable or unwilling to perform.

BAYON.—Creoles have no negro blood. The term is applied to those who are born within or near the tropics.

STATE.—The President can pardon any person convicted in the United States Courts, but not those convicted in State Courts.

ISLAND.—England, Scotland and Wales, though inhabited by domestic races, are one geographically and legally, and are commonly known as Great Britain.

W. T. W.—"Astonied" is a good old word and may be used in the place of "astonished," but only a person of unexceptionable literary taste would use it well.

BENEDICT.—No license is required in New Jersey, but one must be had in Delaware and costs $2.50. A girl must be 21 years old or have consent in this State to marry.

BOODLE.—The size of the fee paid to clergymen for performing the marriage ceremony is usually governed by the length of the bridegroom's pocket-book or the generosity of his impulses.

ADMIRER.—1. Rather doubtful. 2. Perhaps he is a bashful man. You ought to be able to tell by his manner if he cares for you. Perhaps if you had another admirer it might wake him up.

CHRISTEN.—There has been no change in the custom since "men were boys and sailors went to sea." It has been the custom from time immemorial to christen a new government vessel by breaking a bottle of wine (not grog) over its bow.

SAVER.—The census of 1880 showed that there were 3500 men in the United State worth each $1,000,000 and over. Perhaps the census of 1890 will nearly double this number. And it is said that 2000 men of our 60,000,000 population control about $4,000,000,000.

C. W. S.—Christians are no longer liable to insults from masculine Mohametans, but blue out of ten of the older women, even in Constantinople, will look askance at a Christian unbeliever, and greet him with the cheerful salutation: "May the dogs devour your bones!"

MONITOR.—Our coast was covered with cruisers during the civil war, but that did not prevent foreign vessels running the blockade of Southern ports. We captured over 3000 blockade runners, and from that you can estimate the number that were engaged in that trade.

COWLAND.—For tender feet the best treatment is to bathe them daily in tepid water, drying well, and wearing very thick socks or stockings, as well as easy-fitting boots. For corns try the following: Wash the feet every night, and smear them every morning with soap, olive-oil, or glycerine, if the corns are hard ones.

B. B. T.—To get rid of ants which infest your house, take a sponge slightly moist and sprinkle it with dry white sugar. The little creatures will soon congregate in the cells of the sponge, and may then be destroyed by being plunged into boiling water. The sponge may then be squeezed out and treated again in a similar manner, the process being repeated as often as is necessary to accomplish your object.

ALBERT.—The fact of the lady having acknowledged the lifting of your hat to her would in no wise justify you in addressing her the next time you met, unless she first gave you some indication that such a proceeding on your part would be acceptable. If, as you say, "the fair one's feelings are affectionately inclined" towards you, she will not be long in giving you an opportunity of entering into conversation with her. Meantime, you must be patient.

CLERK.—The expression "ex-dividend" means that the dividend due upon a share at the time it (the share) changes hands is not included in the purchase—that is to say, it goes to the seller, not to the buyer. Preferred stock is stock the holders of which have all the profits secured by them until a certain dividend has been paid them. The term guaranteed is applied to stock in which the promise of a preferential dividend is very express. Ordinary stock is all stock which is neither preferential nor guaranteed.

MODERN.—Surnames are for common people. Sometimes a King may have a surname, but not often. The King of Sweden, for instance, bears the surname of Bernadotte, being the descendant of a French peasant, a charcoal burner. But the family of Queen Victoria reigned before the time surnames were first used in Western Europe. Surnames were common in the East, the descendants of the twelve sons of Jacob bearing the surname of Israel, but the custom was not introduced to the Mediterranean and Atlantic coast nations until very modern times.

RAIL.—The first two railroads for general traffic were opened in England and were the Stockton and Darlington, twelve miles long, in 1825, and the Liverpool and Manchester, in 1830. The first railway in America was built in 1807 by Silas Whitney, of Boston, although it is also claimed that Thomas Leiper, of Delaware County, this State, had a line three quarters of a mile long in operation from his quarries in 1809. The Quincy Railway was built in 1825 to haul granite to Bunker Hill Monument, a distance of about four miles. A locomotive was used first in this county in 1829.

R. T. D.—1. An aneurism is a tumor formed by the coat of an artery getting weakened by some cause and swelling out so as to form a pouch or sac. It beats under the finger like a pulse, and the beating is caused by a fresh quantity of blood being pushed into this sac with every stroke of the heart. If it be small, pressure on the artery above it will so far shut off the blood from it that it will be flaccid or soft. The patient will often say that the tumor began to appear after some violent strain, when something appeared to give way. The aid of a competent physician is indispensable in cases of this kind, for aneurisms have been mistaken for abscesses lying upon a pulsating artery, and when opened under this impression to let out pus, the blood gushed out from an aneurismal tumor, and the error has proved fatal. 2. Aneurism of the heart is a grave disease.